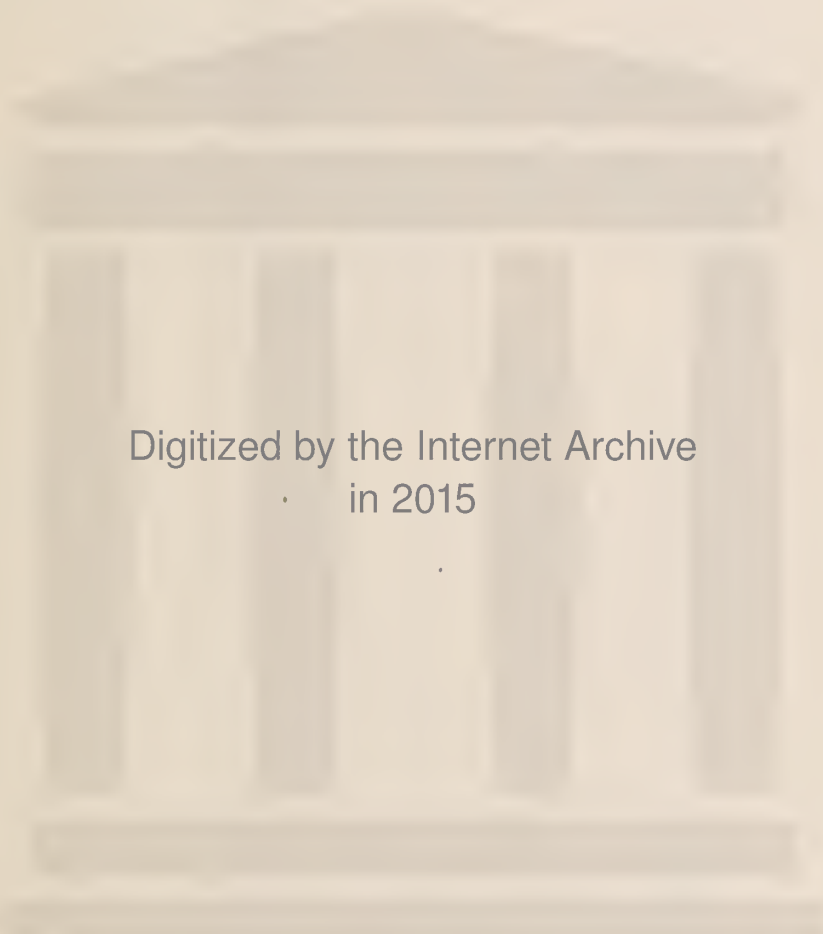




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The Missionary survey



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PROMOTION OF INTERCESSION.

MILTON T. STAUFFER.

THE REWARD OF PRAYER.

“WHAT the Church needs to-day is not more machinery or better, not new organizations or more and novel methods, but men whom the Holy Ghost can use, men of prayer, men mighty in prayer. The Holy Ghost does not flow through methods but through men. He does not come on machinery but on men. He does not anoint plans but men, men of prayer.”

THE REACH OF PRAYER.

“We can as really be touching hearts for God in far away Tibet or Mongolia through prayer as though we were there. Not in as many ways as though there, but as truly. We may go aside today and shut our doors, and as really spend a half hour in Yunan or Shensi as though we were there

THE MISSIONARIES' PLEA.

Will you not pray for us? Each day we need
Your prayers, for oft the way is rough and
long,
And our lips falter and forget their song,
As we proclaim the Word men will not heed.

Will you not pray for us? Alone we stand
To stem the awful tide of sin and shame.
To cast out demons in the mighty Name
Which is alone the hope of every land.

Pray, pray for us! We are but vessels frail;
The world's appalling need would crush us
down
Save that in vision we behold the crown
Upon His brow who shall at length prevail!
—Exchange.

in person. We may turn the key and be for a bit of time as potentially in some distant part of China with those whom we seek to help by the power of intercession as though there in actual bodily form. I say, potentially. Of course not consciously present. But in the power exerted upon men we may be truly present at the objective point of prayer.”

“Rest in Jehovah—wait patiently for him.”—Psalms 37:7.

“It is impossible to rush into God's presence, catch up anything we fancy and run off with it. To attempt this will end in mere delusion and disappointment. Pictures which are the result of a life of work do not disclose their secret loveliness to the saunterer down a gallery. And God's best cannot be ours apart from patient waiting in His holy presence.”

A CALL TO PRAYER.

1. For the Mexico Campaign in the Sunday schools in 1920-21 according to the Seven Year Plan.
2. For the Interchurch World Movement.
3. For all our missionaries on furlough, that they may find rest and renewed equipment, physical, mental, and spiritual.
4. For Rev. R. D. Bedinger, of our Congo Mission, and the book he is writing about that mission.
5. For the summer conferences for young people (State Conferences in Missouri and North Carolina, and the general Conference at Montreat).
6. For the additional missionaries needed in our Mexico Mission, especially a doctor and a nurse.

WHAT WILL CHINA'S NEW THIRTY-NINE LETTERS ACCOMPLISH?

P. FRANK PRICE.

THE new phonetic system in China is an adaptation of the old Romanization principle, that is, of the spelling of Chinese sounds with our letters, with the great added advantage that in the new phonetic system instead of 10,000 letters the Chinese sounds are spelled with thirty-nine newly-invented or newly applied Chinese letters, 10 numerals, but no capitals. And with this added advantage, too, that the system was worked out by Chinese scholars and not by foreigners, though the work of missionaries had paved and indicated the method.

Our Chinese Christians are fond of saying that it was seventy able men from different parts of China who worked out the system, just as the seventy scholars of old translated the Septuagint.

The Rev. E. G. Tewksbury, of Shanghai, secretary of the China Sunday-school Union and a member of the Phonetic Promotion Committee, who has devoted 30 years to teaching in China, has put the new script into use on American typewriters with complete success. For this purpose typewriters with blank type faces are obtained from the factories and the characters are cut from these faces here by Chinese engravers.

This new system may accomplish great things in making the Bible an open book to the illiterate, inasmuch as the phonetic system is easier to learn in its entirety than is the written language in the Chinese characters.

It must not be thought, however, that the new system will to any appreciable extent, displace the Chinese written language, in which are printed all of the old and newer literature, as well as the Chinese newspapers, and in which the Chin-

WORLD

ese take a great pride, and very justly so. It will be a long time before the written language is modified to any considerable extent by the new system.

The Government Board of Education look upon the new system as helping toward a unified spoken language, inasmuch as the new system was intended to spell only the Mandarin or current-language sounds. The missionaries, on the other hand, emphasize the value of the new system for the doing away of illiteracy within the Church, and providing a way by which all Christians can have access to the Bible and to the simpler Christian books.

The work is, however, in its experimental stage, and the experiment will be watched with great interest.

HEAVEN IS A NICE, WARM PLACE.

THAT the Eskimos are heathen we know. What do you think they worship? How many gods have they? The *World Outlook* quotes Christian Leden on this subject as follows:

"You white men believe that the great good Spirit is a male being, we Innuits believe that the great good Spirit is a female. Her abode is down in the bowels of the earth, where it is nice and warm and to her the souls of all good people go after death.

"Those of us who in this present life are not as good as we ought to be, must in the next life be satisfied with the upper regions. But it is very cold up there," and he pointed to the sky, "And none of us wish to go there."

If we can win one generation we have put the devil out of business.—
D. L. Moody.

NOTES

WE HAVE THEM; THEY HAVE THEM. WHAT ABOUT RESULTS?

"IN CHINA," Mrs. Christine Cameron Strother writes, "the New Year (Feb. 20th) passed over quietly, in spite of rumors that there would be a general uprising. The political outlook here is unpromising, but the doors are wide open to the missionary."

"Shanghai is crowded far beyond her capacity with refugees from Russia and Siberia. It has been a trying winter with the exorbitant prices of fuel, food and clothing. For the sake of these poor people we are thankful spring will soon be here."

Will America give the Russians in her midst anything more than the heathen of China give?

A Russian woman was discussing the condition and characteristics of the Russian peasants, when something was said about their essentially religious nature, says the *World Outlook*.

"Oh, yes," she said, "of course, when they are so ignorant and miserable they believe in God; but when they get to America and get an education they learn better."

Now, if that is what America means to the immigrant, isn't it time for the Church to get to work?

A NATIONAL EMERGENCY.

THE United States of America has been invaded by three enemy armies which threaten our national existence. First, there is within our borders an army of five and one-half million

illiterates above nine years of age; second, there is an army of fifty million people above nine years of age who are not identified with any church—Jewish, Catholic or Protestant; third, there is an army of twenty-seven million Protestant children and youth, under 25 years of age, who are not enrolled in any Sunday school or other institution for religious training.

If these three armies should form in double column three feet apart, they would reach one and one-fifth times around the globe at the equator. If they should march in review before the President of the U. S., moving double column at the rate of 25 miles a day, it would take the three armies three years and five months to pass the President.

These three interlocking armies constitute a triple alliance which threatens the life of our democracy. Patriotism demands that every loyal American enlist for service and wage three great campaigns—a campaign of Americanization, a campaign of adult evangelism, and a campaign for the spiritual nurture of childhood.

LATTER-DAY PERILS.

THE New York correspondent of the *Deseret News*, a Mormon paper, says: "There are a number of (Mormon) missionaries here awaiting transportation across the water—but owing to some new regulation on the vising of passports for missionaries it may mean several weeks before London acknowledges and returns the passports to headquarters in Brooklyn. In the meantime, they are all spreading out into Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware to fill in the time until called to embark for overseas. The mission offices are very busy now with so many elders coming and going. Pres. McCune is kept working early and late to keep things moving smoothly. The mission is in a flourishing condition and the meetings are most interesting."

If the world is ever to be saved it must be saved through its childhood.—
F. B. Meyer.

EDITORIAL



INDIAN PROGRESS.

HON. CATO SELLS, *Commissioner.*

THE Indian is moving forward. He is progressing numerically. His population is greater than at any time in the last half century. He is improving in health and knowledge of how to keep well. He is accepting hospital facilities that have been more than doubled in the last seven years, as shown by an increase of 10,000 patients treated annually. His medicine men are retiring from practice. Fifty thousand Indian families live in permanent homes and take an interest in sanitation. The women are becoming better housekeepers; their babies are better cared for, and infant mortality is decreasing.

The Indians are growing in knowledge and general intelligence. Three-fourths of their children eligible for attendance are enrolled in some school, federal, state or mission. Nearly two-thirds of their entire population speak English and about one-half read and write English. Their gain in the use of civilized speech has been remarkable in the last seven years.

Too much has been said about Indian school graduates going back to the blanket. Any assumption that more than a negligible percentage of such students are non-progressive is unwarranted. In some instances where pupils not long in school have returned to backward home conditions the results have been disappointing but by no means an entire loss. If these boys and girls carry no more than a speaking use of English into homes still under the thrall of barbaric ignorance, they have started a lifting force

and planted imperishable seeds of civilization. Considering the effect of previous environment, habits and prejudices, the school-trained Indian compares favorably with the average white student whose home surroundings as a rule are generally to his advantage.

The Indian's progress is too frequently measured by his garb. We want the Indian to cut his hair and wear citizen's clothes. We urge him to live in a white man's house, but if he does not entirely and promptly respond in all of these respects it is not proven that he is not a progressive man. Sometimes young men returning from our schools to the reservations resume certain outward forms of tribal fashion as a matter of expediency or social deference to their elders, but their activities show what they are; their farming, their stockraising, the homes they build and the way they furnish them, and their desire to have their children go to school, are the best evidences of their progress.

Recent careful investigation shows that the product of the Indian schools is so generally successful and of good standing, that the conclusion is overwhelmingly against any adverse criticism of the government's system of Indian education.

The war service of 10,000 young Indians brought them distinct educational value in a better use of English, greater self-confidence, respect for authority, and disciplined industry that will add strength and character to their citizenship.

The social and domestic life of the In-

dians is steadily improving. Marriage by tribal custom is notably giving way to legal rites. At present there is hardly more than one-fourth the drunkenness among Indians that prevailed ten years ago. The missionary workers have been a powerful aid. Their number among the Indians has doubled since 1900, with a corresponding increase of churches and church attendants.

The Indians' industrial progress is especially noteworthy. Their individual funds on deposit have increased in the last eight years in excess of \$20,000,000. During that period they have expended for homes, barns and modern farm implements \$18,000,000 and have added \$13,000,000 to their capital in live stock. The Indian's transformation from a game hunter and wanderer to a settled landholder and home-builder is everywhere evident. Nearly 37,000 Indian farmers are cultivating almost a million acres,

47,000 are engaged in stockraising and their live stock is worth close to \$38,000,000. Their last year's income from the sale of crops and live stock was approximately \$14,000,000. The Indians are dependable wage-earners. Their annual earnings in public and private service exceed \$3,000,000. Their number receiving rations and supplies not paid for in labor has decreased one-half in the last seven years.

There are not many defenders of the earlier processes of treaty making and treaty breaking, but the construction plan, followed now for nearly a third of a century, of allotting the Indians land in severalty, of conducting hospitals and schools for physical and mental betterment, and providing them guidance in the productive use of the soil and its related industries, if not a perfect one, is the best plan yet devised for a dependent people and is amply justified by results.



DR. SMITH'S VISIT TO THE ORIENT.

IN CONNECTION with the visit of our Executive Secretary to our missions in China, Japan, and Korea, it may be interesting to the Church at large to read the following action taken by our two China missions. Similar action was taken by our Japanese and Korean missions:

"As a committee representing the two missions of the Southern Presbyterian Church in China we express to Rev. Egbert W. Smith, D. D., our sincere appreciation of him personally and as the responsible representative of the Foreign Mission Work of our Church at home; our appreciation of the help which he has brought to us and to our work during his visit among us; and our earnest expecta-

tion of rich blessings yet to come to our field as a result of his conferences with us. We wish also to assure Dr. Smith of our most cordial, prayerful, and sympathetic support of him in the conduct of the work committed to him; and we do this the more heartily because his visit has led us to regard him, not only as a fellow-worker in the world-wide extension of the kingdom of Christ, but also as a close personal friend, and we can only hope that the memories of us and our field which he carries with him are as pleasant as those which he leaves behind. It is our conviction that his having been with us will result in a distinct advance in the work of our Church here in China."

MONTHLY TOPIC—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

OUTSIDE of the Church and its activities the present world outlook is most depressing. The great wave of altruistic devotion to the cause of humanity that swept over the country three years ago is followed to-day by a miserable reaction in which every ugly trait of human nature seems to be in the ascendant.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, Mr. Sidney Huddleston gives the following diagnosis of conditions in Europe: "There is, first a crazy seeking after artificial amusements; there is a love of display that runs to the utmost of eccentricity; there is a wave of criminality; there is unscrupulous profiteering, a cynical disregard of suffering, a mad desire to get rich quickly, no matter by what means, and there is a reluctance to do any genuine work."

The war of nations is over, and probably could not be revived, because the masses of the people out of which armies are constituted would decline to enlist voluntarily, and would respond to conscription by revolution. But the war of classes is breaking out everywhere and is threatening world-wide political, social and industrial chaos. In one great country one class, and that the lowest of all, has succeeded in getting control of all governmental machinery, which it is using with the utmost vigor and ruthlessness in the destruction of all the other classes. This is the one idea of Bolshevism, which finds its opportunity in the famine and pestilence and general wretchedness prevailing in all the war ravaged countries. "Anything for a change," they say, "the situation cannot be made worst."

Even in the most favored countries there is a manifest disposition on the part of "labor" to exercise its newly acquired power along the line of revenge on "capital" for alleged past wrongs, and to go the utmost lengths in demanding concessions and privileges and immunities and getting for itself the most it can extort from the public, by any means whatsoever and for the smallest possible return. The possibilities of world suffering and distress involved in this situation are appalling.

Two years ago our American President dreamed some beautiful dreams about the setting up of a new world order, in which the strong nations which united to defeat the German program of international brigandage should remain united for the purpose of administering a world justice in which the law of the jungle would be abolished, and the weak nations would have their rights secured by "the organized opinion of mankind." He thought he could count on America at least to support him in such a program.

What we see to-day is America as represented in her national legislature taking up a position of the most selfish isolation, deserting her former allies, refusing all international responsibilities, leaving Armenia to perish and Europe to adjust itself to the new conditions as best it may without our help, on the old principal of every one for himself, according to his strength. Quoting Mr. Huddleston again, "Turn where one will, one finds that the war has only worsened mankind. Those who speak of the heroic virtues born on the battlefield, which spring like the Pheonix out of the ashes of war, are uttering the most stupid claptrap. The domin-

EVENING, AND MORNING, AND AT NOON, WILL I PRAY.

Psalm 53:17.

Meet Him in the *morning*, each recurring day;

Let His radiant sunshine flood your pilgrim way.

Let Him stand between you and the tempter's wile;

Meet Him in the morning, talk with Him a while.

Meet Him at the noon-tide, when life's cares distress,

Let Him bear the burden of your weariness.

When perplexing problems press on every hand,

Meet Him at the noon-tide, He will understand.

Meet Him in the *evening*, as the shadows fall;

Victories and failures—tell the Master all.

Every joy and blessing to the Saviour trace;

Meet Him in the evening at the Throne of Grace.

Wonderful Redeemer, Counsellor, and Friend,

Matchless in His mercy, loving to the end.

With your joy and sorrow, meet Him here to-day;

Meet Him there *tomorrow*, dwell with Him always.

—Selected.

ion of darkness has spread over Europe and a slimy progeny of cruelty, of bestiality, of egoism, of violence, of materialism, has crawled into the light of day—a noisome brood, of which it will be long before we can dispossess ourselves.”

But when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift a standard against him.

It took such a cataclysm as the great world war to rid the world of some of its illusions, and to shake the church out of its lethargic dreams that all was going well. We were talking about “our Christian civilization,” and England and France, and Germany forsooth, were being spoken of as “Christian Nations.” And that while the entire world order, social, industrial, political, national and international was organized on the principle of competition, which is only another name for war and which is the very opposite of Christ’s law of love on which human society in all its departments must be organized before it will be entitled to the name of Christian. The lesson has been learned, and one would think in a way that can never more be forgotten, that no civilization built on that principle can make of this sinful world a safe and desirable place in which to live.

And is it not true that the recognition of this fact, conscious or unconscious, is what is stimulating the Church to such an unwonted energy and activity in the prosecution of its task? For it is true that over against this desperate world situation the Church of Christ is now marshaling its forces for such a great “offensive” as was never made before in all its history. After a quarter of a century of planning, for the elimination of denominational rivalries and duplication of effort in the same field, for denominational co-operation wherever such co-operation would make for economy and efficiency, now come the Progressive Program, the New

Era Movement, and all the great church campaigns, which taken together are simply the effort of the Church, for the first time in its entire history, to measure up to its entire task and actually give the gospel to the whole world. Is not this what the Church ought to have done long ago? And having failed to do it long ago should not the attempt be made to do it now? We believe this is the great objective towards which the Spirit of Christ is leading his Church, as evidenced by the response the people are making to the call to furnish the financial resources necessary to reach it. We believe that money is being given as liberally as the Church is in a position to use it wisely, and that it will continue from now on to be given according to the need. The one supreme need beyond this is that the endowment of spiritual power may be given to the witnessing Church, as it will be given in answer to believing prayer. Christ will withhold no blessing from a church in earnest about obeying his last command that may be needed for its accomplishment.

KOREAN SITUATION.

THE missionary situation in Korea has not only been vastly relieved by the new regulations permitting Bible teaching in mission schools and not requiring teaching to be done in the Japanese language, but the people are evidently taking new heart and showing their interest by greatly increased church attendance. Mr. Swinehart writes that in some places the average attendance at church services is three times as great as

it was a year ago, the Bible classes are largely increased and the added interest is very pronounced.

The same is true of our mission schools. Church primary schools are calling for teachers,

When the wind blows cold, He always takes the bleak side of the hill. The heaviest end of the cross lies ever on His shoulders. If He bids us carry a burden He carries it also. If there is anything that is gracious kind and tender, yea, lavish and superabundant in love, you always find it in Him. His service is life, peace, joy. Oh, that you would enter on it at once! God help you to enlist under the banner of Jesus Christ.—*Last words of C. H. Spurgeon, in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.*

with practically all expenses guaranteed.

The Kwangju Boys' School, which was built for the accommodation of 150 pupils, opened its spring term with an enrollment of 280. Additional funds are needed both to enlarge the capacity of the school building, and also to increase the salaries of the Korean teachers so as to bring them to the level of those employed by the Japanese in the government schools. Thus everywhere the cost of our work goes. God grant that the liberality of our people may continue to go up to meet it.

PERSONALIA.

MISS ADDIE SLOAN, of Soochow Station, China, and Miss Lillie Woods, of Hwaiianfu, China, sailed from Vancouver on April the twenty-eighth, returning from their furlough in this country. Before this issue of THE SURVEY comes from the press we shall hope to hear of their safe landing at Shanghai and we wish them both another happy seven years' term of service on the field with good health and prosperity.

A card received from Mr. Plummer Smith states that he and Mrs. Smith and Miss Emma Larsen sailed from Brussels April the eighteenth, and expected to land in Africa about May the eleventh. Miss Larsen is a trained nurse and goes to work in the hospital at Luebo.

A letter from Mr. M. L. Swinehart, of Kwangju, Korea, contained the following statement:

"Never in the history of missionary work in Korea has there been such a plea from the Koreans themselves for

more missionaries to come and teach them. A new era is upon us and we must change over many of the old methods and policies and adapt them to the new conditions.

"The call for preachers, for evangelistic workers, and for school teachers comes from every direction in our territory. We are doing the best we can to supply them, but shortage of funds as well as shortage of workers is responsible for many disappointments.

"Yesterday at a meeting of Kwangju Station, the matter of sending out some parties for special evangelistic meetings in heathen territory was discussed for almost an hour. All admitted the GREAT need for this work, but we had no funds available. It was finally decided that we would contribute what we could, *personally*, and Yen 165.00 was given, which is about one-half the amount the evangelists of the station felt was needed to do what they had in mind.

"For the first time in ten years, new churches are being established in this territory, and the average attendance upon church services is fully 400 per cent. greater than ever before."

Mr. and Mrs. R. Clyde Douglas, who recently sailed for China, inform us that they have been assigned to Kiangyin Station. For the present, however, they will be located at Nanking, at the Language School, and that will be their address until further notice. The Language School is a great institution and those who avail themselves of its advantages are usually able to go into the regular missionary work at least a year sooner than was possible before this school was organized.

The Heart of Life is Trusting,
The Soul of Life is Prayer;
The Joy of Life is Following
JESUS EVERYWHERE.

FOREIGN MISSIONS

Box 330,

REV. S. H. CHESTER, D. D., EDITOR

NASHVILLE, TENN.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AT THE ASSEMBLY.

THE Standing Committee on Foreign Missions at the General Assembly, which had under review the work of the past year, and which had the responsibility of giving the Executive Committee advice and instruction concerning its work for the coming year, handled the great business committed to it with interest, intelligence and sympathy. The report of this Committee has been published in all our church papers and need not be repeated here. One item of special interest which it contained was a recommendation to our Publication Committee to restore the *MISSIONARY SURVEY* to the size of eighty pages, which it had before the scarcity of paper and the excessive cost of printing during and immediately following the war compelled its reduction to sixty-four pages. This increased size will make it possible to give a much more adequate presentation of what is going on in our nine missions, and will call and give space for more letters from our missionaries than we have been able to publish since the number of pages was reduced. It will also enable us to give our readers the benefit of some of the fine articles found in our exchanges which we have had no room for heretofore.

Will our friends in the different missions kindly take notice and see to it that copy to fill up the additional space is not lacking. Let it not be forgotten also that we are required to place our copy for each number in the hands of the managing editor about thirty-five days in advance of the date of publication.

Another item in the report of the Standing Committee and adopted by the Assembly, which will be hailed with gratification by our whole Church, was the

nomination of Rev. James O. Reavis, D. D., as Associate Field and Foreign Secretary. A telegram from Dr. Reavis to the Assembly announces his acceptance of this call subject to the approval of his Presbytery and of the Columbia Seminary Board. While the Seminary Board will of course be loath to give him up, we think it may be taken for granted that they will defer to his own wishes and conviction of duty and allow him to accept the call.

Our conviction is that in accepting this call Dr. Reavis is simply undertaking a work for which he is so conspicuously and pre-eminently endowed that no one can reasonably doubt that he is undertaking it in response to a divine call. To the writer of this editorial his coming to be especially associated with him in the foreign department of the work is the occasion of the deepest personal satisfaction and joy.

The whole atmosphere and spirit of the Assembly in relation to our work was such as to fill us with encouragement and hope as we look forward to the coming year.

Instead of the usual "popular meeting" in the interest of the cause, there was held on Wednesday night on the platform a sample meeting of the Executive Committee, designed to give the members of the Assembly an idea of the character of the business that comes before the committee at its monthly meetings and how the business is conducted. From all we heard after the meeting we are convinced that the exercises were both interesting and profitable and that the result will be on the part of those present a deeper sympathy with the committee in

its dealing with the many difficult and delicate problems that come before it.

The action of the Assembly on the Interchurch Movement was somewhat equivocal. A minority report of the Committee of Bills and Overtures, recommending withdrawal from further participation in the Movement was rejected. The majority report recommending continued co-operation with a limit of \$27,000 as the amount for which the four Executive Committees might underwrite the expenses of the Movement was amended so as to prohibit any underwriting and the Systematic Beneficence Committee, which

is to decide as to the extent and method of our future co-operation, was instructed to confer with the leaders of the Movement and with the authorities of the Federal Council with the view of bringing it more fully under Church control if possible.

It is useless to speculate as to the result of the action of the various Church judicatories on the future of the Movement, but we earnestly hope that in some way the great ideal of a unified Protestantism facing up to the entire task of world evangelization may not have to be abandoned or indefinitely postponed.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE WORLD'S NEEDS.

By REV. HOWARD AGNEW JOHNSTON, D. D., Chicago, Illinois.

“THE sobbing of a thousand million of poor heathen sounds in my ear, moves my heart; and I try to measure, as God helps me, something of their darkness, something of their blank misery, something of their despair. Oh, think of these needs! I say again, they are ocean depths; and, beloved, in my Master's name, I want you to measure them, I want you to think earnestly about them, I want you to look at them until they appall you, until you cannot sleep, until you cannot criticize.”

So wrote the Rev. Charles Inwood, revealing the compassion of the Master himself when he looked upon the multitude, in a desert place, without bread, and night coming down, because they were as sheep without a shepherd. After nineteen centuries of Christian history, the same picture challenges our compassion on every side, and in every land: thousands, yea millions of men, women and children, in spiritually desert places, without the Bread of Life, and night, eternal night, coming down upon their souls.

* * * * *

A GLIMPSE AT THE NON-CHRISTIAN WORLD.

If we should set aside twenty-five thousand people to every missionary in the non-Christian countries, (a pitifully in-

adequate provision) there would still remain five hundred millions for whom no messenger of Christ has yet been provided by the Church, with its vast wealth and large numbers of young men and women. After nineteen hundred years of Christian Missions, we can imagine what the apostle Paul would say to us, when he said to his easy-going fellow-Christians of his own time, “Some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.” A recent author has quoted from “Whittier's Almanac” figures to the effect that out of a total world population of over 1,600,000,000, there are 564,000,000 nominal Christians, or about one-third the total population of the globe. He makes this report a basis for the statement that “Christianity has grown more in the last one hundred years than in the preceding eighteen hundred.” But included in this total are the inhabitants of all Roman Catholic countries and all Greek and Oriental sects. Christianity has made no such genuine progress in these countries in the last century as would justify the intimation that a triumphant development of its redeeming truth is now apparent in the life of those people. Such a statement cannot possibly be taken as an estimate of the exact status of Christian progress.

If we glance at non-Christian coun-

tries, we have to note, not simply the degree of progress actually made by Christianity, but what yet remains to be done.

In Japan, with all that is encouraging, there are not yet two per cent. of the population Christian. Nowhere else in non-Christian countries are the pagan shrines and temples kept up so perfectly. The Mikado still goes to Yamada to worship the ancient gods of Japan. In recent months Japan has revealed its true attitude toward Christianity in its policy toward the Koreans. From the time Japan entered Korea, the Japanese have looked upon Christianity there as making its occupation more difficult, for Christian Koreans are more intelligent and have protested against acts of injustice on the part of the Japanese military power. Recently a friend, who was an employee of the Japanese government, was discovered to be an earnest Christian. His resignation was demanded, and with a stinging denunciation of his interest in the Christian religion. No careful student of

Japan's present ambitious spirit will entertain the sanguine hopes entertained twenty years ago by Christian missionaries concerning the future spread of Christianity among those people.

PROBLEMS OF CHINA AND INDIA.

China's and India's millions are devotees of Confucius, Buddha, Krishna and Mahomet. The followers of Christ in those lands are fewer than two per cent. We are in danger of imagining that the material signs of civilization, such as modern buildings, sanitation, commerce, schools and industries indicate that the religion of Christ is equally widespread. On the contrary, much of this material progress and even intellectual culture represents interests that look upon the presence of Christianity as an intrusion. It is a scandalous fact that, in the port cities of Asia, the immoral influences of many sojourners from so-called Christian countries are among the worst hindrances to the progress of Christianity.



View in Front of the Elizabeth Blake Hospital.

The natives do not distinguish between non-Christians from so-called Christian countries and actual followers of Jesus Christ.

China is to-day embittered, for it looks upon the Peace Conference as evading plain justice in failing to honor the plea of its representatives that the principles involving the consent of the governed should obtain in China, as well as elsewhere. It looks upon the so-called Christian nations as untrue to their professions. This interferes with the kindly spirit which, at times, the Chinese have manifested toward missionaries of the Gospel.

No less serious is the situation in India. It is agreed that India is better off under British rule than it was before; but intelligent Hindus complain because of Britain's failure to do many things that might help the Hindus toward intelligent self-government. They point to what the United States has done in the Philippines in twenty years, as being far more than Britain has done for India in a hundred years. The "Swadeshi" movement, whose slogan is "India for the Hindus," is developing deep-seated feeling of resentment on the part of many Hindus, and is steadily gathering strength. In India, while encouraging progress has been made among the low caste people, the vast millions still remain untouched by the Gospel. Krishna is still the highest object of their worship, notwithstanding the unspeakable records of his unholy lust. Christ is still far from being King in India.

IN MOHAMMEDAN LANDS.

There are Christian converts from among Moslems, but since the time when Christian missionaries began their work among the Mohammedans, the followers of the Prophet have increased by sixty times as many people as have accepted Christ from their number. This is the most intensely persistent of all non-Christian religions. Thousands have been converted from paganism to the faith of the

Prophet in Africa within recent years. True, these are low types of people, as are most of the uneducated Mohammedans; yet the task of the Church is rendered far more difficult because of their fanatical antagonism to Christianity.

THE GIGANTIC UNFINISHED TASK OF THE CHURCH.

Our purpose in noting the above facts is not to paint a darker picture than those facts warrant, but to stir the Church to an adequate appreciation of its great responsibility, beyond anything it has been willing to acknowledge since the first Christian century. The challenge of the war time service given by the Allies, in money and patriotic devotion, has discovered us to ourselves in certain directions. We do not forget that subscriptions to Liberty Bonds are not benevolences, but splendid investments; yet our actual gifts to war-service ministries, such as Red Cross and the various organizations that have ministered to enlisted men, and to the peoples of devastated countries, have revealed to us how much more we might have done for the cause of Christ in giving men and money through the years in which we have been playing at the business of advancing the cause of Christ. We may no longer assert our inability to go far beyond the past. In fact, the present response to the challenge sent out in the various denominational drives proves that in the direction of larger giving of money the Church is planning for a sacrificial effort never before approached.

Having realized this much, we must go further in search for evidence that the Church is awake to its gigantic, unfinished task, with some honest repentance because of its lethargy in the face of its supreme duty. What signs of spiritual power are evident in the life of the Church at home? The degree of brightness with which the light shines at home determines the extent to which its rays will reach out into the darkness.

THE NEED OF CHRIST.

The most conspicuous failure in self-government among leading nations is found in the cities of this country, indicating the failure of so-called "good citizens" who are not good citizens at all, however good they may be in other walks of life. Christian men have not been the outstanding leaders in anything like a widespread effort to solve the industrial problems that perplex and threaten us, until millions of people who work with their hands believe that the Church has no sympathy with them in their problems. But enough has been indicated to show that the Church's greatest need is to have Christ enthroned as its Lord and Master before it can ever possess that vitalizing quality that always exists when the Holy Spirit has been given His place in the leadership of the Church. Too widespread is the tendency to advocate a general culture, without the positive emphasis of the necessity on the part of individuals and congregations to give the personal Christ his supreme place in our lives. The hope-

lessness and fatality of sin are not magnified, and some leaders in certain quarters of the visible Church are openly teaching that conversion is simply a natural experience of adolescence and that when we give fair valuation to the good things in the non-Christian religions, we may fairly question whether Christian missions are justified. Evidently such teaching saps the sense of the need of Christ as the only Saviour of the world, both at home and abroad.

He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear the sobbing of the lost millions that Charles Inwood heard. Many of them do not know that their very darkness and helplessness are crying out to God and to redeemed men to give them the Light of Life. Their complacent ignorance of their hopeless condition is the deepest element of pathos in their helplessness. Surely, if anything has been written into history, it is that Jesus Christ, and he alone, is the world's only hope and only Saviour of mankind.—*Missionary Review*.

EXCHANGE AND MISSION EXPANSION.

THE fear is sometimes expressed that the present unprecedented influx of foreign mission funds into China will have a bad effect upon the development of self-support. Facts seem to indicate the "economic conditions do not govern the development of self-support"; from this viewpoint, the fear is not well founded. There are also other factors at work which offset this fear, of which the decreased value of the gold dollar through the inexplicable variations in exchange is most insistent. It is well known that some British missions are facing a serious condition along financial lines. This seems to be one of the unexpected backwashes of the war; instead of expansion, this phase of mission work in China will probably undergo some retrenchment. On the American side there is an unprecedented influx of mission funds; it is estimated that this year there will be given for foreign missions approximately three and a half times as much as last year. But even in 1920 the gold dollar decreased

in value about one-third and it began by being low. In addition, there is the decreased purchasing value of the Mexican dollar in China itself which is another way of saying the cost of most things has risen. It would appear that a gold dollar in China will only do about one-quarter or at the most one-third as much as it would a decade ago. Thus the value of the gold dollar and the purchasing power of silver have both declined. In other words, when the three and a half times as much money contributed for mission work arrives in China it has apparently about one-third the purchasing value the same amount would have had ten years ago; and when there is added the increased cost of maintaining existing work it is apparent that the increased offerings in the U. S. cannot mean anything like a proportionate expansion of mission work. What would have happened to mission work if this increased liberality had not appeared is appalling to think.—*The Chinese Recorder*.

DEATH—OR LIFE?

SARAH G. HANSELL.

IF WAS in the fall.

I was coming across between buildings when the back door of the Main-Building flew open and Mr. Murata came hastily out across the tennis court. As he passed he said a few quick words in Japanese to the girls standing there, and was passing on. A sudden, stunned look on the girls' faces caught my attention.



Miss Sarah G. Hansell.

"What is it?"

I stopped Mr. Murata as he was going on.

"Okada San is dead," he explained in English.

"Okada San—dead!" I repeated after him, and stood still, stunned just as the girls had been.

I had seen her only about ten days before, tall, straight, laughing, with a face radiating life and youth and enthusiasm and with a graceful freedom of movement unusual in a Japanese girl. She was one of our girls in the fourth year class and was to have graduated in the spring.

Just that week I had heard that she was sick at the hospital. Miss Kirtland and I had gone to carry flowers and she had opened her eyes and smiled and then had dropped back to sleep.

She had come from other schools and had been here hardly a year, but had become a Christian since her coming.

"Why, I can't get over it," I said to "Bee" later. "No one had a chance to talk to her before she died—or anything."

"I'm so glad I had that long talk with her several weeks ago," "Bee" said.

"And she was a Christian."

Then I added as the thought suddenly for the first time really came home to

me, "Suppose it had been one who isn't."

In the Japanese home of wealth from which the girl had come the little Japanese mother received us with a look on her face sad beyond all words. The girl's body lay in state in the room looking out into the quaint garden—a garden made glorious with God's sunlight, but within beside the body lighted candles burned before a shrine. The mother was a Buddhist. And the funeral was held with Buddhist rites, but the girl was not there. If only the little mother had known!

"I HAVEN'T TALKED TO HER."

"One of the first year students is desperately ill with pneumonia," some one told me just before Christmas.

"A first year student?" I asked, and instantly the thought came, "Then she's probably not a Christian and I've never even talked to her."

"You mustn't feel so responsible," "Bee" told me when I talked to her about it. "One of the teachers is responsible for each of the classes. No one person could reach all of them." Bee had her own fourth year class that she was working with, but I couldn't talk well enough to have any class.

Again and again during the days that followed we prayed for the little first year girl. And when I went over to the dormitory Sunday night to prayers the girls in their petitions seemed verily to pour out their hearts for her.

Monday afternoon I went out to the hospital to inquire. The mother came down to speak to me. The crisis was passed. The little girl, she told me, was beginning to get better.

I came away with a glad heart.

We had been granted another opportunity.

"MY AUNT IS DEAD," SHE LAUGHED.

It was after that that I was invited to the home of a wealthy young married woman—an "oaksan." I went, but to my

amazement found she had "committed the rudeness" of not being at home. A Japanese high class lady would never commit such "rudeness" without sending an explanation. I knew there must be a reason.

She came in person to explain—and not only the lady herself, but her mother and sister.

"I have been unpardonably rude," she told me, bowing low, "but I was called away suddenly by my aunt's illness."

"May I ask how your aunt is now?" I inquired.

She *laughed*. "My aunt is dead," she said.

One night soon after my cook came in laughing to tell me that her music teacher was dead.

"Why do they *laugh*?" I asked. "It seems awful to me. I wish they wouldn't."

"They are trained to do it," some one explained. "It's the proper thing to do. They do it to keep from showing their feelings."

Just the other day I said to one of my girls, in a personal talk we were having, "Was your mother a Christian?"

"She died when I was three," she answered. "My mother didn't know."

Are they going to know?

Do you realize that that depends on you?

We sorrow when our loved ones have but "gone home"; though we *know* that to them death means but the entry into the fuller life—the life that is forevermore, and heaven seems nearer than it did.

But what about these others—the people to whom the end of their earthly existence means death—the going out into an unknown darkness. How many there are who do not "know"?

What are *you* going to do about it?

It is a stern warning God gives us in Ezekiel 3:18:

"When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity; but his blood will I require at thine hand."

Will you give, or send, or come? Which will you do?

Shall it be life—or death?

A SEED-SOWING TIME.

Mrs. H. H. MUNROE.

DO YOU know—I dare say some of you do—if you should come here and follow the missionary through some of his lonely days, to some of his meetings where only one man comes, or ten, some of you would say, "Where are all those people you talked about when you urge upon us the need of the heathen world?"

Why, man, there they are thronging past you on every corner.

"But do they want the gospel?" "Oh, no," that's exactly what they do not *want*, but what we have to try to give them. "Well, how are you going to get some of these thousands hurrying by intent upon other things, to listen long enough to truly understand?" That's just the question. How would you do it?

We tried a new way last week. We ad-

vertised a concert. They do love music, and we knew we could do better than the teachers here, and the Christians and the Sunday-school children can sing. We even got permission to hold the concert in a big school building. It would only seat about 400 or 500 we feared when we saw it, but it was very well filled and many were lining the windows and we hear many were in the yard outside, and so probably 800 or 1,000 were in and out. One newspaper man, I hear, was touched by "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" especially. We hear the wives of officials were out, and school teachers, and the governor's wife was there and said she would like to put her child in a Sunday school.

It was a seed-sowing time.

THE JOY OF WORK.

Mrs. H. H. MUNROE.

IF ONLY you could have some of the joy of being a missionary! You can only give and pray and this is a blessed privilege, but sometimes there comes the joy unspeakable of being face to face with thousands upon thousands in a great city and feeling that you may get the message to some soul, or of handing out tracts so fast you couldn't even lift your eyes from the outstretched hands.

I actually had that experience recently when I went to give out tracts. We struck a crowd of children,—a school going out under a teacher's chaperonage, and we had with us hundreds of children's tracts, so we gave and gave and I could only see an occasional face for a moment or two I was so busy thrusting the leaflets into extended palms. Then the jinriksha man, just the day before yesterday, wanted to know where he could hear the gospel. We gave about 800 tracts there.

Yesterday I got out about 100 more and found some higher school girls returning from school. We had a talk. I told them part of the story and they took down my

name and address as I promised to send them booklets, if they'd write their names and addresses, so I could mail them. It was a half hour full of opportunity.

To-day a lady has called—well dressed—a civil engineer's wife. She says she used to see us as we went for walks in Kochi. Now she has moved over here and is a stranger; so has hunted us up and says she wants to be taught. Also five bright young women have come in to-day and sung hymns and heard the story of sin and death and eternal life for the first time.

Privilege? Don't you just wish you had it?

Of course, I am not telling of the rainy days,—times when you see the sun only one hour in five days—when children laugh at you in the street.

I forget those; that's just part of being a foreigner. Some may jeer, but most are truly kind and I confess my wrinkles don't show under a hat brim and I hear, "Oh, how lovely!" when my brown, sallow face passes a browner one beneath the drooping eyes. So there is some advantage in being small and dark and squint-eyed when you smile.

One day a few weeks ago, we went with pamphlets, which we bought for ½ a cent—and with invitations to Sunday school. The *we* is not the editorial *we*. It means the little Ericksons and the little Munroes who go with hands full. Of course the missionary pocket-book can't stand this constantly, so other means have to be tried, but 60,000 a year is better than nothing.

This day I am speaking of, the street children came like a pack of wolves. They almost, actually, jumped for them as they crowded and pushed and snatched, I fear.

Our evangelist is an ex-policeman—and I thought of that when I pictured those young hoodlums piling into Sunday school. However, the next day, though the paper doors had to be taken out to seat them comfortably—there was almost perfect behavior.

Now there comes the *rainy day* part again. Seventy that day; about forty next, and twenty last Sunday when the Buddhists advertised a big story-telling at the same hour.

But the lights and shadows fall here as on the mountain peak to the north of us—and we are gladdest when we do most, and saddest when we mope (if we ever do). If there were no enemy where would the fight be? How could you be a "good soldier of Jesus Christ" if the devil were not worrying? Don't think I say it is easy. I say it is joy-bringing. Those who have the privilege may well be thankful and you may make it just as truly your work if you will.



Mrs. J. H. Brady, of Susaki, Japan. If you are going to the World's Sunday-School Convention this fall you may have an opportunity to travel in this mode.



This typical looking Japanese street shows the decorations for one of the great festival days when the Emperor or Crown Prince would pass this way.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY IN JAPAN.

REV. L. C. McSMYTHIE.

MRS. SMYTHE has started a small Sunday school in the house here, held for the children of the neighborhood on Saturday afternoon. It is not a very ambitious project, but about twelve or fourteen of the small boys around here attend and she teaches them hymns. The other day I was at work in my study and two small boys were playing baseball out in the alley in front of the house. One of them missed

the ball and as he ran for it he seemed to be feeling happy and burst into song. What he sang was one line, "The grace of God is wonderful."

A small incident, but a very striking one to me. If we can get the present generation of Japanese children to know and feel in their hearts that the grace of God is wonderful, what does it mean for world peace in the future?

PURE WATER CHURCH, NAGOYA.

MRS. L. C. McC. SMYTHIE.

LAST spring I sent you a photograph of the members and Sunday-school attendants of Shimizu (Pure Water) Church in the suburbs of Nagoya. But it was not a good picture and by the time it was reproduced in the SURVEY, the last line at least had become a very striking blank. So I am taking the liberty of sending you another which I think is much clearer.

Shimizu congregation is small in numbers, young in years and poor in this world's goods, but with a splendid spirit. I wish I could introduce them to you each individually. You will notice that there is not a single man of any years among them and very few women even approaching the uncertain number. One of the few in that class (the one in the middle of the front row) is the Bible woman, in honor of whose farewell this picture was taken.

May I be rude enough to pass over the ladies and introduce to you the row of young men at the back? Beginning at the right is a young tailor, one of the first members of the church. He became a Christian while an apprentice in a local tailor shop, but could only get to services when they happened to fall on the first or fifteenth of the month, his only two rest days. Recently he has served his term and was very glad because he would be able to have his Sundays free. But he went into partnership with another young man, not a Christian and found that if he rested on Sunday, the other member of the firm considered that he was shirking. So he is now planning to set up for himself where he can keep his Sundays as he believes they should be kept.

The next is a young bank clerk, a per-

sonal friend and old classmate of the pastor's. Fortunately he has his Sundays free and is a regular attendant at church. He is leading his mother and we have a Sunday school every Tuesday night in their home.

The next is a friend who dropped in for the picture, a young Christian in another church.

The next (the thoughtful looking young fellow in the spectacles) is Mr. Tanaka, the pastor of the church. In years he is not very much above many of his congregation, but he has a really consecrated spirit, an intelligent mind and a healthy body. He makes a fine leader over the young group where God has given him the responsibility.

Then comes one of the standbys of the church, a graduate of the technical school in the city and now an assistant at the Higher Technical School. He is the church treasurer, teaches in two Sunday-school classes and has just undertaken a special Saturday afternoon class with my wife here in our house.

The shaved head student next to him is the boy I wrote about whose father will not permit his baptism. But we have no better Christian in the church and under the blessing of God, perhaps none with a more promising future. He is now studying in the High School, after which he will enter the medical department of the Imperial University and should some day become a strong, skillful Christian physician.

He loves music and is now training a church chorus in the Hallelujah Chorus.

Next to him is a boy whom loneliness really brought to Christ. His father and mother are Christians and he was also in name but not much more. Then his parents moved to Tokyo, leaving him here to finish his education. It was then that in the church he found a home and friends and he is now one of our most regular attendants.

The bright looking fellow next to him is a fourth year student in one of the middle schools of the city. He has been coming to church for some years and is the oldest son in the family, so he can influence his younger brothers and sisters. The other day the question of his baptism came up and his cousin, one of the members of the church, advised him to go ahead and be baptized without telling his father anything about it. He said the father would not understand anything about it and if it were once done would probably not have any objection. All such questions I leave to the individual, so as he was satisfied I was, and he received baptism during the winter.

His neighbor is the only Christian in town of over twenty thousand people.

The women of this congregation deserve a little description also, especially as they are in the majority in this picture. This is probably because the picture was taken in honor of a woman, Mrs. Watanabe, the third



The Shimizu (Pure Water) congregation to whom Mrs. Smythe introduces us so clearly in this article.

from the right in the front row, who was leaving us. She was the Bible woman in this church for five years and most of the women converts in the church are due to her efforts. The woman with the child on the extreme left of the front row, and her daughter, directly behind Mrs. Watanabe, joined the church on the same day just before Christmas, brought in by Mrs. Watanabe's prayers and teaching.

The three months' old baby next to Mrs. Watanabe is having her first picture taken. That is why she is so dressed up you can hardly find the baby for the clothes, and why her young mother is holding her so proudly. It will be a good while before she is old enough for the kindergarten, whose teachers are the two girls on the left end of the back row. They are both fine girls, especially the one on the right, who lives in the kindergarten, right near the church. She has the evangelization of the community always on her mind, and works hard to put the religion of Jesus Christ in the homes of the children. The young girl in front of them heard the gospel first from her little brother who went to kindergarten, and later she became one of the most earnest Christians in the church. She has brought her mother into the church, and her uncle is

It is Christ, after all, that is preaching, praying, and working more than the Church. That is what sustains us in the presence of the vastness both of the problem and of the ideal—the faith that it is Christ who is the chief and one worker in his Church and Kingdom.—*P. T. Forsyth.*

an inquirer. The young teachers are chaperoned by old Mrs. Soga (third from the right in the back row), who is retiring after many years of work as a Bible woman, part of them with the Misses Patton at Okazaki.

Next to Mrs. Soga, on the right, is Mrs. Tanaka, the bride of our young pastor, who was married in our house just after Christmas. She is a product, and a very charming one, of Miss Dowd's school. She is pretty, sings well, plays well and is a most enthusiastic Christian. We have to hold her back from taking more classes and doing more work in the church than she really should. Is that the way with most of us?
Nagoya, Japan.



The Shimizu Church, Nagoya, Japan.

SELLING BOOKS IN CHOSEN (KOREA).

REV. J. V. N. TALMAGE.

AS MANY of you have doubtless heard from notices in the SURVEY, and which you have placed before you with great clearness in Mrs. Nisbet's recent book about our Korea Mission, the work in these last years has lost much of its spirit and interest that was so striking in former years. It has been a time of weeding out, of ripening, rather than harvesting. It is a great pleasure and a great joy to our hearts to see signs of a change, of the harvest we have been long praying for. One of these signs in our Kwangju field has been the interest of the Church in buying books and even of heathen in buying hymn books and Bibles.

I have had charge of the book room in Kwangju since the first part of 1911, when Brother Coit, feeling that it would be a good way to break a new missionary in, handed it over to me. I was glad of the job, to be feeling I was doing something. Well the book room is still with me. It had been filled with a heavy stock of books because of the interest in Christianity by the Koreans at the time, and when that wave of enthusiasm stopped, the books were not needed. Many of them are still in the book room. There has been no demand for them.

Noticing a growing interest in Christian literature this fall I decided to make special effort in selling books during our series of fifty meetings in as many churches. The demand exceeded all my expectations and for the last week or so, I have had to answer many times a day, "The book is out of stock." The helpers took books to sell them and the colporters took larger stocks than usual. I sent them out on coolie back, and sold many hundreds myself. My bill for the books at the end of the year amounted to 1,000 yen. That does not seem much when we think in terms of American books, but when one considers that the books averaged less than 15 cents apiece, it looks large. I have no way of knowing how many I sold,

but it must be about 2,500 volumes outside of the ½ cent gospels the colporters usually sell.

Of this twenty-five hundred, there were, first of all, about 500 hymn books, most of these selling at 8 cents.

Also 520 quarterlies selling at 9 cents each. I was slow and many of the churches sent directly for them, so that this is a very incomplete figure. The final figure for our Kwangju field ought to be about 800.

Also over 300 New Testaments of all kinds, varying in price from 10 cents to \$1.00, but about nine-tenths of them nearer the 10 cent mark. A great many of these hymn books and New Testaments went to new believers and inquirers.

However, there were only 10 Old Testaments, mainly because I could not get them from Seoul, the Bible Society have sold out their stock completely. The Old Testament is not usually bound with the New Testament because it alone weighs three and a half pounds.

Pilgrims' Progress has also been very popular. It is expensive, costing 22½ cents.

There is another book called the "Way to Heaven," selling at five cents, that is popular, and I have sold sixty and just ordered 100 more.

The above figures do not include ½ cent gospels, of which the colporters have been selling about 200 per month.

The only sad part about the whole work has been the fact that I was not ready when the time came and failed to send books to many points and was told that they waited for them. I am no prophet, but the thought occurred to me "What if God should send the long waited for revival? Are we ready?" Talk about unpreparedness in the world war, it is nothing compared to our condition here. A demand for books, but those printed are out of stock and no one working on hundreds of new ones, for which we have a need.

WATCHING BIRDS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MOON.

REV. J. V. N. TALMAGE.

IN MY field there is a village called Sulkok, which means "Valley of the Moon." There, strange to say, lives a man called Moon Sepang or Mr. Moon. He is a fine young man. His old father and his mother, his wife and children and his younger brother's wife and children all live together on one place. There were two

things about him that impressed themselves on me much. First, that although he was fairly well educated in Chinese, still he did not hesitate to work with his hands and farm. The second thing was that, even though he owned about an acre of land, still he worked it himself, instead of trying to live on the rent of it. These two things

are very unusual, for the educated don't like to work and the owners of land would rather go half starved than work it and live well. However, the day is changing in Korea.

Now this Moon is a Christian and so is his mother. The others all claim to be, but they are rather weak brethren. Years ago before I came to Korea, in the enthusiastic days of old, some people started a church over the pass and Moon attended. The church went to pieces, except one man and Moon's family. The other brother had no force, and so the church over the pass went to pieces and Moon Sepang build a church on his place himself and he and his family worshipped there every Sunday. He was preacher, deacon, Sunday-school teacher, usher, and everything also. The man from over the pass came occasionally. Two or three years ago he built a better room for the church and this time put a wooden floor instead of the old dirt floor. One other man in the village of the Valley of the Moon believed and I think he is now a catechumen. For nine years I have had charge of the field and made it a rule to visit it as all of my other churches at least twice, but too often I failed to get there or in the stress of the work only spent a few hours when I did go.

I have always felt that some day there ought to be fruit. After all it is a Christian life that bears fruit. Words without acts are useless out here. But nine years is a

long time to wait for fruit. However, I am glad to say that at last the tree has borne fruit. The last time I went there I was told that there had been thirty at the preceding Sunday morning service. I myself had the pleasure of seeing the men's side of the little church full. Upon inquiry I found that they had not only come from the village of the Valley of the Moon, but also from nearby villages. But how could the light of Christ shining within this home have shined as far as other villages? This is the origin of part of the title in this article, "Watching Birds."

Out here in Korea it pays to watch the birds when the rice is heading. The old grandmothers and the little children spend much of their time in first part of October by the paddy fields, driving off the sparrows. Moon's old mother, leaving the harder duties of housekeeping to the care of her daughters-in-law, went out every day to the paddy fields and there with women from other villages told the story of Jesus. Interrupted with the shrill calls to drive the birds away, still God used the message and drove the forces of Satan away, and made a richer harvest than the rice crop, two priceless human souls. One of these women stood the Catechumen examination, showing a knowledge of her faith, that was unusual among women who had been believing for so short a time.

Readers, has your daily life had the same fruit? Does it shine that far away?

WHAT WE, AS CHRISTIAN NORTH AMERICAN WOMEN, CAN DO TO HELP OUR LESS FORTUNATE FRIENDS, THE LATIN AMERICAN WOMEN.

Mrs. W. A. Ross.

HAVE you ever thought of the Mexican woman as an American? If not, let us think of her as such, then we will take a different attitude toward her. National, or I should say continental pride will make us feel a keener interest in her, and I do believe the unselfish women of the United States of America will realize that she must assume some responsibility for her neighbors—the Mexican women of the United States of Mexico.

Two republics lying side by side, and the women of these republics practically unknown to each other.

What can we do for them? How can

we reach them? Are there any connecting links? Is there any way of approach to these highly sensitive, proud women to the south of us, yea, even many of them among us?

We have much to learn from our Latin friends about the cultivation of relations. They take time to be courteous, to smile, to pluck a rose from their favorite bush and pass it across the garden wall, even to linger and chat awhile, in order to cultivate us. Yes, friends, they are kind to us, they admire the American woman who can make her own "pan blanca" (bread) and "pan dulce" (cake), who can go out unchaperoned, who is free

to go and do as she pleases, who has her clubs and social life; but we in our "unholy haste of modern life," what can we, or rather what are we doing for them? Do we know them at all? Have we tried to know them—those in our very midst? I think not. We call them horrid Mexicans, with a tilt in our noses and leave them alone. I use the word ALONE advisedly. They are here among us, thousands of them lonely and we are not trying to fill the cravings of their poor, hungry hearts. Are we Christians, friends, in deed and truth? Christ says if we love him, "Feed my lambs." "Feed my sheep." Surely Christ does not exclude these Mexican women from his fold. Shall we?

From experience we have learned that to help others we must be willing and ready to give ourselves in sincere friendship, and we can only know them by cultivation, by learning their needs and giving them the things they so sadly crave in their poor dwarfed lives.

What do they need? First, the pure gospel of our Risen Saviour (They have only Maria and the saints), teachers,

and schools. O, how sadly they need Christian schools!

Are you aware that almost three-fourths of the Mexican women have never had the opportunity to spend one day in school, consequently, practically that proportion of them can neither read nor write. Dwell upon that, *blessed* Christian women of this land. Does that bring a pang to your hearts? Our dumb sisters to the south of us with the treasures and pleasures of books forever closed to them.

With thousands of Mexican women and girls here among us, and many more thousands across the Rio Grande following that same hard, sad way their grandmothers and mothers have trod of ignorance, hardship and emptiness? Can we leave them alone—out in the night? Shall we go to them and help them to live the fuller, richer life?

Who will go? Who will send? Who will work and pray for these women whom we have neglected all these past years?

Young women of the Presbyterian Church, listen to the call of your Latin sisters. Give your talents, your life in loving service to them.

A GLIMPSE OF OUR NEW FIELD IN MEXICO.

Mrs. H. L. Ross.

I WOULD like to give you a tiny, tantalizing glimpse of this great new field, which has been given us, for as yet we have had only such glimpses of it ourselves. So I am going to invite you to go with us to just one of our little ranch congregations. You must multiply what you see there by a very imposing multiplier and thus grasp some idea of our opportunity, duty, and possible harvest. Now, if you are to go with us, you must submit to a five-thirty morning call, for our good Scotch friend, Mr. McLaclan, is going to take us out on his little lumber train; it leaves at seven and we must have a substantial breakfast and allow thirty minutes for a walk to the station. We have mule cars, but they are not running at that hour. We have sent our folding organ to the station the

night before. Silva, our destination, is a rustic village at the very foot of the peak "Cacique" (Indian Chief) which lifts its great shaggy head ten thousand feet above sea-level. We will have a pleasant three-quarters of an hour's ride with Mr. McLaclan. He is one of two other English-speaking persons besides ourselves in Zitacuaro. You must not lose a moment of the view as we wind our way up among the hills. At this early hour the mists caress the peaks as if loath to reveal their grand beauty to mere mortal view; but once in a while the vigorous morning sun rifts them, revealing range after range lit by all shades of gray, purple and blue. Between us and this majestic infinity of distance lies the green, fertile valley dotted by haciendas and divided by long winding highways. I say

literally to myself here: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help," for who can doubt God's love and grace toward our poor sin-cursed Mexico when His hand has been so lavish with her in natural beauty?

When we descend from the little train, you must climb up a rocky path where the dust will force a protest from you, no matter how valiantly you have fore-armed yourself with philosophy. We have had no rain since November and will not have more until late in June. Now that scattered adobe homestead nestling at the foot of "Indian Chief," is our destination. Its owner is Don Julian Garcia, and we are to hold our services in his home. The family come out eagerly to greet us, among them the "pastor" of the congregation. He is an earnest layman with no theological training, but we are making use of his consecration, for we left our native force behind us in the North and our need of workers is desperate. He began last September with a small nucleus of Protestants, the remnant of past evangelical efforts on the part of the Northern Presbyterians, and his simple methods are being wonderfully blessed of God. Our mission out there to-day is to organize the church and ordain two elders.

But what is that tiny new building glimmering in the morning sunlight? The men gather eagerly about us to explain that it is their new chapel. Mr. McLaclan has given them the lumber and they have been working feverishly to complete it for to-day's services. It is beautified by green boughs and wild roses and wreaths of oleanders. It is not much of a cathedral to be sure, but I believe you will stand a little in awe of this work of love for Christ and his kingdom.

Services are not to be held until afternoon, but the crowd begin gathering at ten o'clock in the forenoon, so we will open the little organ and sing some hymns with them. Most of them are stolid Indian men and women, clad in a wild variety of garments, but God's grace has touched them and their faces are lit with

joy as we sing the sweet hymns which have meant so much to Christians in all lands and in all ages. What wonder that they ask for many hymns about heaven. I like myself, as I look at them, to think of the many robes of righteousness for their glorified bodies.

Are you wondering what we are to have for dinner? Well, we have a special invitation to eat turkey with the family, but you must get no visions in your head of roast fowl, dressing, gravy, and cranberry sauce! It will be "a la Mexicana"—just wait and see. That rather isolated adobe hut is the kitchen and now and then we peep in to call cheering encouragement to the bright-faced women who are grinding and patting tortillas and otherwise attending to different features of the coming feast.

At last we are summoned—I remember the first time I ate for the sake of the cause, and I sympathize with you. The one bed room of the home has been fitted up as a dining room, the table being a wide pine board laid across chairs, and spread with white cloths. The first thing served us is Mexican rice. Make good use of the spoon which accompanies it, for the rest of the dinner will be eaten with the fingers and the tortillo. Now comes the turkey—cut up in small pieces and cooked with a chili dressing. Perhaps you will think less of your burning mouth if you recall how the Indian prince, Cuatemoc, smiled while his Spanish conquerors held his feet over the flames. When the plates are emptied of this concentrated fire, we are brought a generous portion of Mexican beans, a very wholesome and palatable dish. The dessert is boiled pumpkin; but at this stage of dinner you will be pardoned if you plead you are already too full for utterance.

We will now return to the little chapel for some sacred intercourse with the people who are still coming in. We begin the service at three o'clock and eighty persons are present. A short sermon is preached by the pastor from Zitacuaro, after which the elders come forward for ordination. They are crude and compara-

tively ignorant, but men of native intelligence and wisdom, and we are convinced they will make good spiritual guides for the people. One of them is our host for the day, and tears are in his eyes as he speaks to his friends of the obligations of his new office. When he has finished speaking members of different church committees rise and give reports of their work, and their simple earnestness is very refreshing.

It is now nearly time for the little train to pass and we must go to the flag station. Many of the brethren accompany us, and on every hand there are expressions of the great joy and inspiration which they have felt in our visit and the services.

On the return journey the scenery, lit by the early twilight, is just as entrancing as it was in the morning. But we are

thinking of all that multitude of Christ's little ones, his other sheep who are not yet of the fold, as they wait for the bread of life—and those who serve are too few to reach them. The Southern Presbyterian Church has made herself responsible for them, but many of them will go down to death because some one did not come or some one else did not send. Oh! may God waken us to our terrible neglect of our missionary task in Mexico and grant us a vision of the rich harvest which awaits a generous sowing.

Well, here we are at home again. My! isn't it nice to have wooden floors and a dining table, spoons and knives and forks, a bath room and clean beds. If you care to know another of our congregations we will take you next time for a burro ride to Santa Cruz.

BOOK REVIEW.

Intervention in Mexico. By Samuel Guy Inman, with a Foreword by Professor William R. Shepherd. Pp. 248. Geo. B. Doran Company, New York.

Without fear of favor the author presents in this arresting and vividly written volume his interpretation and solution of the Mexican problem. A recognized authority on Pan-American questions, Mr. Inman supplies the thinking American reader with accurate information about men and significant events in an impartial way. The Mexican viewpoint is clearly brought out and constructive policy for future relations between the two countries is outlined.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Interchurch World Movement has published a Library Edition of the World Survey made by the Movement, which will make a very valuable addition to any minister's library. We trust that many of our ministers will procure it. The facts and information which this volume contains will be exceedingly valuable to any minister who wishes to inform his people of present world conditions. The book may be ordered from Mr. Herbert L. Hill, 43 West Eighteenth Street, New York, N. Y., and the price is two dollars cash, accompanying the order.



There are thousands of people in the fishing villages of Japan without Christ. Immorality is very prevalent and superstition holds the people in bonds.



Recitation Hall and Meigs Hall, part of the Language School, Nanking, China.

ON THE FIFTH OF THE FIRST MOON.

REV. J. C. CRENSHAW.

MY LAST trip to Taikiang was interesting to me, so I am going to tell you a little about it. I have been going down there for the last five years, more or less regularly, and have long wished that we could open a day school there. At last we are about ready to open the school and on this account some of the leading men of the place are interested. Their sons and grandsons are going to go to the school. Some of the gentry are much in favor of our efforts and some are against us. The manager of the Chinese schools is not pleased with our coming as he thinks it casts reflection on the native schools, and of course it does, though we are not trying to compete with them, for our funds are not adequate.

I arrived on the fifth of the first moon, which is the day on which the god of wealth is especially worshipped and it is the last day that the life-size pictures of their ancestors are left hanging on the walls of their reception rooms and are worshipped with incense paper money and proper kowtows by all of the filial. On the morning of the sixth these pictures are carefully rolled up and put away till the next set time of worship arrives. As

several of these gentlemen had called on me I proceeded to pay calls and I must confess that I felt a little uncomfortable in the presence of the serious looking ancestors that were the object of so much reverence. Fortunately for these practical people, they only worship three generations. Those farther back have to look after themselves. Some say they do not worship any more than that because after having remained for three generations in Hades they are reincarnated and, of course, no one knows in what form they come back to this world. I suppose they think they might be worshipping themselves if they worshipped the ancestors four generations back.

Mr. Tsao Hai Tseo sent me word that he wished I would not call till the sixth, as he was afraid I might not be pleased with the pictures hanging on his walls. So on the morning of the sixth I went to see this gentleman. Some people say he is a little crazy and the reason for saying this is that he talks too much. He does talk a great deal, but most of what he says is quite sensible. He called his three-year-old grandson and made him make three profound bows to Kung Lao Hsien-sen, which being interpreted means Old

Mr. Kung. The old being a special mark of respect. His other sons and grandsons did likewise. Mr. Tsao has a name of being very filial and he made a great deal of my name which is Ren Hsiao. The Ren means benevolent and the Hsiao means filial and this man before he ever saw me decided that I was all right for I had such a good name and he has written an ode to me and prepared scrolls and sent me a picture, etc., etc. It is embarrassing to have such a good name and have people think that you are as good as your name implies before they ever see you. I was given this name because it sounds something like Crenshaw, and is easy to write. This man has sent us the names of more than ten pupils and is still looking for more.

For seventy dollars we have leased a building for four years. It needed con-

siderable repairs and we had to put it in good condition. The furniture for the school averages about \$1.50 a seat, so for the forty pupils we had to spend about \$60, then there were some other expenses. The salaries of the teachers will amount to \$36 per month. There are three teachers and we are to have a primary and lower primary school. If we get enough pupils this school will not be very expensive. We are charging \$6 for the smaller and \$12 for the larger pupils per year.

I am leaving home to-morrow on my house boat for a trip to the country. I am very well equipped for traveling now with my house boat and motorcycle. I hope you are remembering us in your prayers.

Chinkiang, China.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

1. Instead of altruistic interest in the cause of humanity, what has taken place?

2. The Church is awakening! How is she showing it?

3. Attention! Church attendance trebled, school attendance doubled, and religious interest deepened, where and why?

4. A call for teachers, preachers and evangelistic workers from every direction, where?

5. Is Christendom being Christianized?

6. And if they die and do not know—whose fault is it?

7. Some advantage in being "little and dark and squint-eyed"—if what?

8. And we hope the seed fell on good ground—on what occasion?

9. A farewell picture—in whose honor was it taken?

10. Books were suddenly demanded—what does it indicate?

11. A watcher for birds was also a watcher for souls—what was the reward?

12. What is your answer to Mexico's call?

13. My! What beautiful scenery, but what did we learn on the trip?

SENIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1920.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

TOPIC—SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Hymn—Behold the Fields are White.

Prayer of Invocation.

Roll Call—Answer with an item of missionary interest.

Minutes.

Business.

Offering.

Devotional Service — Fruit-Bearing — John 15:1-3.

Prayer.

Solo—Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

Quiz—Hidden Treasure.

Topical—Monthly Topic.

A Glimpse of Our New Field in Mexico.

Situation in Korea.

Prayer for the needs as mentioned in the articles above. Special prayer for the missionaries assigned for the day.

Hymn—Selected.

Close with the Lord's Prayer in concert.

SUGGESTIONS.

Divide the Monthly Topic among a number of women, asking each to give just one point of interest.

It might add interest to the meeting to have the quiz conducted as a "spell-down."

Make earnest prayer for the missionaries and the work mentioned in the Year Book of Prayer on the day of your meeting.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT—FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS.

Receipts applicable to regular appropriation, April, 1920:

	1920-21	1919-20
Churches.....	\$ 75,247 50	\$ 58,366 35
Sunday Schools.....	2,331 09	923 44
Sunday Schools—Mexico.....	911 93	
Sunday Schools—Africa.....		67 64
Sunday Schools—China.....		598 94
Sunday Schools—Korea.....	409 58	746 91
Societies.....	12,333 43	11,041 06
Societies—China.....		28 46
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	630 16	648 75
Miscellaneous Donations.....	4,144 41	3,630 71
Miscellaneous Donations—China.....		12 50
Miscellaneous Donations—C. E. Missionaries.....		5 00
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 96,013 10	\$ 76,119 76
Legacies.....	2,099 81	2,200 32
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 98,112 91	\$ 78,320 08
Receipts for objects not in regular budget.....	7,713 60	417 06
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$105,826 51	\$ 78,737 14
Initial appropriation year ending March 31, 1921.....		\$1,172,372 18
Appropriations for objects not in regular budget.....		7,713 60
		<hr/>
		\$1,180,085 78
Deficit March 31, 1920.....		164,622 07
Amount needed at this date.....		\$1,344,707 85

EDWIN F. WILLIS, *Treasurer.*

Nashville, Tenn., April 30, 1920.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT—FOREIGN MISSION RECEIPTS.

Receipts applicable to regular appropriation, May, 1920:

	1920-21	1919-20
Churches.....	\$ 20,613 85	\$ 24,666 45
Sunday Schools.....	372 47	928 45
Sunday Schools—Mexico.....	4,112 39	
Sunday Schools—Korea.....	26 34	1,587 15
Societies.....	7,240 74	4,990 25
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	210 50	125 00
Miscellaneous.....	1,449 40	3,550 83
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 30,325 69	\$ 35,848 13
Legacies.....	118 26	26 45
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 30,443 95	\$ 35,874 58
Two-months period, April and May:		
Churches.....	\$ 95,893 67	\$ 83,032 80
Sunday Schools.....	2,703 56	2,518 47
Sunday Schools—Mexico.....	1,324 32	
Sunday Schools—Korea.....	435 92	2,334 06
Societies.....	19,568 40	16,059 77
Societies—C. E. Missionaries.....	840 66	773 75
Miscellaneous.....	5,572 26	7,249 04
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$126,338 79	\$111,967 89
Legacies.....	2,218 07	2,226 77
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$128,556 86	\$114,194 66
Total for regular budget.....	8,585 79	
Receipts for objects not in regular budget.....		
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$137,142 65	
Initial appropriation year ending March 31, 1921.....		\$1,172,372 18
Appropriation for objects not in regular budget.....		8,585 79
		<hr/>
		\$1,180,957 97
Total regular and special appropriation.....		164,622 07
Deficit March 31, 1920.....		<hr/>
		\$1,345,580 04

EDWIN F. WILLIS, *Treasurer.*

Nashville, Tenn., May 31, 1920.

THE JUNIORS

GETTING MARRIED IN BULU LAND.

IF a Bulu wants to marry him a wife he must get three hundred francs, or something worth that sum, and pay for the girl. One boy lately saved all his goods until the day he received his girl and this is what he paid: there were sixteen bags of salt valued at 160 francs, 110 cutlasses valued at 110 francs, and one pot and pan and money bringing it up to three hundred francs. Of course there are some other little gifts.

Once a missionary took into his home a bright little girl of eight. When a baby this child had been given in marriage to an old chief. Her father needed money

and the chief wanted another wife. At the time this chief died he had sixty wives.

As the chief had died his oldest son claimed this young girl at fifteen. By Bulu law she had to be given to him unless the missionary could pay him four hundred dollars. Girls are married every year because their fathers need money.

Every time a baby is born into a family the husband has to make a gift to his wife's parents—a small gift for a baby boy, and a large one for a girl baby because some day the girls are sold for wives.—*Over Sea and Land.*

ANYU ZOK.

BY MRS. ALBERT G. ADAMS.

OUR mission in Africa, far across the Atlantic Ocean, and almost down to the Equator, is in a land where it is always summer weather and the boys and girls there have never seen snow or ice.

There are many kinds of wild animals. Big elephants come around at night and tear up the gardens of sweet potatoes and peanuts, for they are very fond of these things and eat great quantities of them for one meal, without taking the trouble to clean or cook them. Then there are wild hogs which root up the manioe gardens so that the black women often have a hard time to find enough tubers to make bread for their families. (It is not the sort of bread that you boys and girls eat, but looks something like a big sausage and is wrapped in a plantain leaf). In order to keep the animals away from your gardens the people frequently have to stay in them all night, keep up fires

and make a great noise by shouting and beating upon enamelware pans or boxes.

And then there are tame animals which live in the African villages, dogs and goats and sheep. You would think the sheep very funny, for they have hair on their backs, instead of wool, for it is warm in Africa and they do not need wool coats—nor do the boys and girls. The boys and girls wear few clothes, sometimes only a strip of cloth, and often that is made from the soft, inner bark of trees or of grasses.

Now in this land where the sheep have hair and the boys and girls wear bark or grass cloth, there lived a little black boy whose name was Anyu Zok. Anyu Zok means "the mouth of an elephant," but this boy's mouth was really far from being as large as an elephant's, though when he smiled and showed his rows of shining white teeth it really looked very large indeed. He lived with his father and moth-

er and sister far in the interior of Africa. He did not know how to read or to write. Nor did any one else in his village.

One day a missionary came and told the story of Jesus. He also told about the wonderful school which the missionaries had established to teach the boys and the girls to read and to write. Anyu Zok was very much interested and thought it would be fine to be able to understand what those funny little marks in the white man's books meant. He begged his father to let him go with the missionary. After much persuasion his father consented. His mother made for him a little bundle of food and several bibobola (or manioc—a "nam," or pudding of peanut butter flavored with caterpillars, sausages) all wrapped up in banana leaves. Carrying this on his head, he started away on the four days' tramp through the forest.

The journey was very pleasant, for the forest was delightfully cool. Monkeys (many of them with beautiful black fur, speckled with white, and with white noses) were chattering in the treetops and the

handsome red-tailed gray parrots were flying high overhead and constantly uttering shrill cries.

The company finally reached the mission station and Anyu Zok was placed with the boys, and before many months had passed he had learned to read and to write.

Most wonderful of all was the Jesus story, which he had learned to believe with all his heart. One day he went to the missionary and asked, "Does Jesus need any more little boys to work for Him?" He was very happy when he was told that there is plenty of work for every one to do for Jesus, no matter how young he may be. Anyu Zok was never afraid to tell other children of Jesus' love, and when he grew up he became an evangelist, devoting his life to the carrying of the gospel story to the Africans who are still heathen.

Will you boys and girls be just as ready as Anyu Zok was to do the work that Jesus has ready for you to do?—*Over Sea and Land.*

JUNIOR FOREIGN MISSION PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1920.

Arranged by Miss Margaret McNeilly.

TOPIC—CUSTOMS OF OTHER LANDS.

Song—Jesus Is Calling.

Prayer—The Lord's Prayer in concert.

Roll Call—Answer with a queer custom of heathen lands.

Minutes.

Business.

Collection Song.

Offering.

Scripture Reading—Samuel's Call, 1 Sam. 3:1-10.

Prayer for the dedication of life to the service of God.

Incident—Getting Married in Bulu Land.

Story—Anyu Zok.

Song—Selected.

Close with the 23rd Psalm recited in concert.

SUGGESTIONS.

Have this meeting out of doors, either on the porch or under the trees.

In answering roll call, interest would be added if each one would demonstrate the queer custom.

The children might come to the meeting dressed in the costumes of our various mission fields, remembering during the meeting to carry out the custom of the country they represent. If this cannot be done, let each child have a small flag of the country she represents, pinned on. These flags can be easily made of paper, and colored with water color or crayon.

DISCOVERERS.

By RUTH LYON.

Did you ever find a lonely far-off corner in
the wood
And dream yourself the only mortal child
who ever stood
In that wondrous little bower,
Where the elder-bush in flower
Hid the doorway till this hour with its
mossy tanglewood?

Did you never once discover down beside
the rocky shore
Where the heron and the plover built their
nests in days of yore,
Some old cave or pebbly island,
Calling out, "I'll name this *my* land,
Since the old, old path by dry land shows
no footprints here before?"

Ah! but many hundred summers ere you
found the wood that day,
Ere the footsteps of newcomers drove the
natives all away,
Came the Indians, lad and maiden,
To your bower, blossom laden,
Hid within your cave and played in good
old Indian children's way.

Shot the arrows from the long bow out
across your lonely sea,
Arrows tipped with flint and strong so in
their flight they'd fleeter be
Than the deer which swept your wood-
land;
For, before you knew this good land,
Our forefathers seized each rood and made
this place for you and me
—*Everyland.*

WHEN JACOB GOT SORRY FOR THE PREACHER.

MRS. BELLA McCALLUM GIBBONS.

JACOB is a little Indian boy at Goodland. His father is dead, his Indian mother a widow with several children looking to her for support, who lives in a community without either church or Sunday school.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs, members of our church at Goodland, were lonely, they longed for the pit-a-pat of childish feet and the laughter of childhood. Of the seven children who were given them, six sleep in the cemetery, and the one spared, a lovely Indian girl, is making a Christian home of her own.

When they asked Jacob's mother if they might not take him into their home, to rear and train him as their own, she reluctantly let him go, knowing he would have much better advantages than she could give him.

So, when Jacob was eight years old, he came into a new world. His old worn clothes were replaced by new ones. He had plenty to eat. Only once in his life had he ever been to Sunday school, but now he went to church and Sunday school every week, and when school opened, he was on hand the first morning.

I imagine those first weeks were hard ones for him. Certainly they were for his teachers, and he was a curiosity to the other boys and girls. It seemed that he innocently did so many things that were out of order. He

was always jumping, running, whistling, making noises, day and night, when he was not asleep. He had learned to use so many bad words that he had to try now to forget, and sometimes he told untruths. His teachers didn't know what to do with him. They would stop him from fighting, and then from using naughty words, and then he would break out in a new place, and kept them always guessing, wondering what he would do next.

Gradually as time went on, he became subdued, more easily controlled in many things, but at times the old life would call too loudly, the desire for freedom would gain the mastery, and he would run away from school and from his foster parents, in fact he still does that sometimes, but we know that as he grows older, he will overcome that also.

Last summer Rev. Ebenezer Hotchklin, our pastor-evangelist, held a meeting at Goodland, assisted by Rev. Mr. Hooker, of Texas. You know Mr. Hotchklin's mother and father and his grandfather and grandmother were missionaries to the Choctaws, and of course he knows the Indian mind and heart. Both of these men had preached some splendid sermons, but it seemed hard to get people to realize that they should accept Christ, or to get Christians interested in the meeting.

Jacob attended all the services, sitting up

in front and listening very attentively, joining in the singing, and doing just his very best to keep still and not to go to sleep at the evening services. One night Mr. Hotchkin preached a beautiful sermon to young people, and at the close gave an earnest invitation to those who wanted to accept Christ to come forward and give him their hand, while the choir sang one of the old familiar hymns. Jacob started to sing, but he couldn't. He looked first at the aisle and then at Mr. Hotchkin, and finally, when they were singing the last hymn, he quickly went up and gave his hand to Mr. Hotchkin, saying, "I want to be good," then sat down quietly and waited until the service was over.

Afterwards a lady who was interested in the child questioned him, asking him if he really wanted to be a Christian, if he understood what it all meant, and if he desired to join the church.

This is his answer: "Don't know what it all means, quite, but want to be a good boy. Mighty bad boy sometimes, an' sorry I was bad boy now. Never had no chance. Nobody tell me how to pray till I come here. Never was to Sunday school, but just one time, and I know nothing 'bout Sunday school neither. My Pappy die when I was just little boy, not know how he look; an' lots of time I was hungry and cold too sometimes. Not much quilt, wind come through cracks in house lots of times. Did not never play much, had to work. Hunt a little sometimes, rabbits, that's all.

"Hear Mr. Hotchkin's preach and Mr. Hooker. Make my chest hurt bad. Think 'bout bad words, want to quit say them too; sorry for stories I done tole, tells myself stories gotta stop, fightin' must stop too, don't feel lack it right to be runnin' away all time. Want to be good for God been good to me all time. Preacher say so, an' Jesus die for me too. I want to go where Jesus live an' be with him and the good Father an' all the little babies and good people in heaven. Want to sing there too.

"Mr. Hotchkin beg hard for people to come give him their han', say they want to go to heaven. I wait. No big people



"Jacob."

go give him their han'. No little people go neither. I think about how hard he try to get people to go, look like nobody want to go by itself. He be lonesome. I done get sorry for him now an' I go shake his hand an' tell him I want to be good because he have to go by itself."

But—as the services went on others got sorry for their sins, too, and Jacob was not the only one who said "they wanted to be good," and there were many others who also confessed their Saviour.

Jacob is still in school, doing well, and is making a better boy in many ways. But how about the thousands of little Indian boys who have no school to go to, and no one to tell them how to pray, or of Jesus who died for them?

Goodland, Okla.

A Telephone Conversation

Little American Girl Speaks:

"Hello! little Indian Maiden,

 Away in the far-off West,

I wish I could clasp your slim brown hand
And touch your embroidered vest.

"Do you get very sad and lonesome?
And wear little moccasin shoes,
Out in the woods do you play all day,
And do whatever you choose?"

Little Indian Girl Answers:

"Hello! little fair-faced Maiden,

 In the East so far away,
Indian children have work to do,
And cannot always play.

"If only you'd come to see me,
I'd tell you some stories queer,
Of the ways of the wood and river,

 The ways of the fish and the
 dear.

"But better than any other,
Is a story I have heard;
It was told by a white-faced
brother
He said 'twas the Father's
word.

"That all white-faced and brown-
faced children
Were made by the Father
above;

So you are my own little sister;
Will you not give me your
love?"

—*Missionary Arrows.*



MORNING STAR.

By ELIZABETH MOORE JOYCE.

MANY times had Morning Star seen the trees bud in the springtime. Many times had she seen the green leaves turn to crimson and gold and fall in the forests before the winter snows covered the earth. So many times had she seen these things that her once bright eyes had grown dim, her proud head had dropped and her lithe form had become bowed with age.

But while the passage of time had touched her body, it had not been able to affect her heart. She, Morning Star, daughter of a chieftain, still cherished the great passion of her life, her love for her race.

Some time, she said to herself, the world would see and understand the sorrows of the Red Man. Some time some noble son of her people would be led by the Great Spirit to so touch the heart of the great, careless world beyond, that they would be forced to stop and listen. Long years she had waited, patiently, uncomplainingly.

Then, at last, signs of the fulfillment of her great hope began to appear, and the heart of Morning Star rejoiced.

The young men went away for awhile, returning with strange new ways that lightened toil. The maidens, too, after periods of absence, brought back with them wonderful knowledge of domestic arts that made life easier and happier. To their own intuitive knowledge that had come to them from long generations of untrammelled, freedom-loving ancestors, living close to nature, was added the teachings of the White Man, wrested from books of science and art.

These youths, the hope of the Indian race, came back again to their own people, full of enthusiasm and joy that at last they could be of real service to them as no outsider could be.

Then, as time went by, strange rumblings came from beyond, of a world on

fire; of a ruthless warfare against humanity and democracy, of unarmed vessels sunk, of childhood and womanhood outraged, of the great flag of the country dishonored.

Then came the message from the White Father, and the young braves gathered together in groups to discuss it. True, few of them could be drafted; they, the native Americans, were for the most part wards, not citizens, of their own country. But they could do better, they could volunteer and they did.

Morning Star watched the preparations with mingled feelings. A thrill of pride went through her heart as she saw the youths assembling, the pride that the daughter of a chieftain should feel when her people prepare to avenge an insult. For, after all, this great land belonged to them as it belonged to no others, and even though it was true there had been misunderstandings and troubles in the past, yet the beautiful flag with its stars and stripes was their own. Who, then, had a better right than they to defend it? But a shadow, too, passed over her heart as she thought of the desolation that would follow the departure of the young men.

With the others assembled to see them go, Morning Star stood, leaning heavily on her cane. She felt old and weary and there was a great burden on her heart. These youths were the last hope of her race and they were going away—to what? All around her was the bustle of departure, hurried leave-taking and last messages. Soon, soon, they would be gone.

Morning Star was old, very old, and she had seen many other hopes perish in the years that had passed. What wonder, then, that her eyes filled with tears that rolled unheeded down her withered cheeks?

Then, suddenly, she came to herself. What, should she, Morning Star, let the

young men see her weep because they were going away to do their duty? She drew herself-up proudly on the supporting cane and forced back the tears. No, she should not weep, but rather sing because the Indian youths were loyal to their native land, even though her poor old heart ached with the tragedy of it all.

So it happened that amid the confusion and the sorrow of the leave-taking, the quavering voice of Morning Star rose in a song of courage and bravery that the old chieftain had taught her as a little girl.

The young men heard it and, pausing a moment to listen, went on with their heads held higher and their forms more erect. The old warriors and the little boys heard it and they wished that they, too, might go. The Indian maidens heard it and they forced back the word of anxiety and

bid their lovers and brothers go forth bravely as befitted the loyal Americans they were.

And after the last good-byes had been said and the young warriors had left the old home behind, still faintly to them was borne the bravery song of old Morning Star, taken up by others who stood beside her.

But after they had gone, quite out of sight and hearing, Morning Star raised her dim eyes, still wet with tears, toward the heavens.

"The Great Spirit will not fail us," she said, "they will come back—some of them; and the White Father will know that we have been loyal and true and will remember. I have waited long. I can still wait."—*The American Indian Magazine.*

JUNIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1920.

Prepared by Miss Eleanora Andrews Berry.

THE INDIAN OF YESTERDAY AND OF TO-DAY.

1. Hymn—A Witness for Jesus.
2. Prayer—That the Indian children may be reached and trained for Christian leadership among their own people.
3. The prayer of the Indian, both yesterday and to-day.—Psalm 70.
4. Early Indian Missionaries.
5. An Indian Picture Gallery.
6. The Story of a Missionary Heroine.
7. Discoverers, Reading.
8. The Beauty of Indian Names.
9. A Telephone Conversation.
10. Prayer—For our own Indian missionary work, and especially for Oklahoma Presbyterian College, that many Indian girls may be trained there and sent out as Christian teachers to Indian and white children in Oklahoma.

11. Hymn—Bring Them In.

NOTES: The hymns are from "Life and Service Hymns."

4, 5. Send to Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga., for Lesson On Indian Missions and "An Indian Picture Gallery." Pick out some of the most interesting missionaries to tell of, particularly Samson Occum, who appears in the Picture Gallery.

6. See article on Philena Thatcher, and story of the migration in the Lesson On Indian Missions.

8. Read the poem, and show the beauty and the poetic meaning of so many Indian names. Refer to "The Soul of the Indian," and tell the story of "Rift-in-the-Cloud."

ARAPAHO SYMBOLISMS



HOME MISSIONS

REV. S. L. MORRIS, D. D.,
EDITOR.

MISS ELEANORA A. BERRY,
LITERARY EDITOR.

HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.



OUR
JULY
TOPIC:



The American Indian

“THE SOUL OF THE INDIAN.”

AT THE meeting of the Home Missions Council in New York in January, Bishop Hugh L. Burleson, of South Dakota, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, delivered an address on the above subject, from which we give some extracts:

“It is a very audacious white man who attempts to talk about the soul of the Indian! and yet, perhaps, after thirty years in more or less close contact with Indian life—because my father was a missionary on an Indian reservation, and it is almost thirty years ago that I was adopted into an Indian tribe, and I have two Indian names and am the bishop of more Indians than all the other bishops of the Episcopal Church put together—because of these things I may feel privileged, perhaps, to delve into the habit, life and thought of the first Americans.

“Most of us realize at times how prone we are to judge other people by our own background and our own framework. I believe therein lies the failure of a good deal of our missionary work. We are condescending to people; we are passing them something from a superior height; we, who know so much, and are so much, and have so much, are handing it down to somebody less fortunate. All that may be true, but the trouble is that we want to hand down not only the facts, but our interpretation of the facts. We want people not only to take Christianity, but to

take the same brand, color, kind and complexion that we have ourselves discovered; and if they fail, we feel there must be something wrong with them. We have tried by governmental process to make just a fair average white man out of the Indian. We have not succeeded, I am glad to say, and I hope we never shall, because to try to make a white man out of an Indian is to spoil a perfectly good Indian without making a very satisfactory white man. . . . Back of the things that seem unintelligible to us, there is in the Indian a different quality of soul, a different attitude toward life, a differing concept of things.

* * * * *

“In the soul of the Indian, as I have seen it, and some of them have let me look,—I find qualities which are at first sight surprising.

“First, I believe the Indian is a far more *naturally religious* person than the white man. . . . He is out there on the plains, living the life of the open, the life of God’s big world, under the free sky and on the broad prairie; and it is so much easier to believe in God when you are in His home than when you are separated from Him by scores of secondary causes. . . . The Indian is nearer the deep springs of life, and he realizes that back of them are eternal purposes and eternal love. And so perhaps it is not because he is of a different nature that he is

naturally religious, but because he has the simpler surroundings which we cannot have. . . . So the first thing I find in the soul of the Indian is a very simple disposition to believe in God, to accept the concept of the spiritual back of the material.

"Then, perhaps because of that, perhaps as a part of it, the next thing in the Indian soul that I see is *sensibility*—a keen quickness of perception of the relations and the portent of things. . . .

"I want to show you what we have done to him in some respects. There is the matter of our translation of his language. An instance of our interpretation of his names will point a moral: A Chippewa chief lies buried on a reservation in Minnesota, and the stone over his grave bears the name "Hole-in-the-Day." Silly, absolutely silly. The misunderstanding white man. "Hole-in-the-Day" was the son of a young Chippewa chief who started on the warpath against my people, the Dakotas. He had been married but a few months to his young bride, and he wished to make a splendid record as a leader. It was the first time he had led the war party, and he led with courage and strategy, but adventured himself so bravely that the whole party came back victorious, but brought their dead chief with them. Shortly afterward the son was born, and his mourning mother called him "Rift-in-the-Cloud." It is a picture-name. A long dark day of cloud and rain, and shadow and sobbing trees; then, just as the sun sets, its rays break through a rift in the cloud and shine out across the plain. The little lad was a rift in the cloud of her sorrow and *we* called him "Hole-in-the-Day." And when he was dead, we put a two-ton monument on him and wrote "Hole-in-the-day," on that. Such is our hopeless white stupidity.

"The next thing which I find in the soul of the Indian is something which we are trying to recognize and minister to, but which we should have recognized sooner. Deep down in the soul of the Indian, as in the white man, there is a real *ambition*, a desire for *leadership*, a wish to do and to accomplish. In many ways still

it is the undeveloped desire of a child, and he does not know just what it is he longs for, but the Indian wants to lead, and we have not been quick enough in giving him leadership. . . . We have not been willing to trust God with the souls of other people.

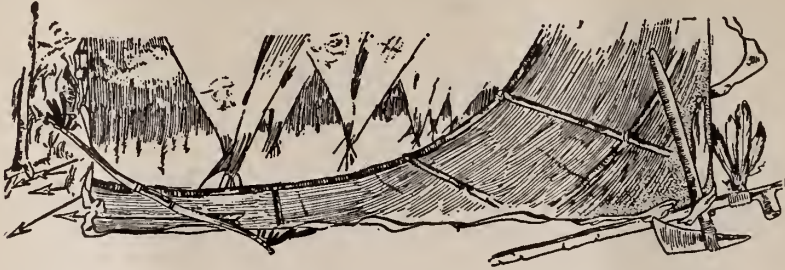
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"And then, down in the soul of the Indian, besides these things, I think there is—what may I call it?—the *ability to stand fast*; the integrity, the fundamental something that lies at the roots of a race which can be trusted; that something in human character to which you pin your faith. It is in the Indian people. It shows in their self-respect, in their dignity of procedure, in their courtesy towards others.

* * * * *

"And so I contend that in the soul of the Indian are deep principles of character, tremendous possibilities of life and service that very few of us understand because we have approached life from a different angle. The angle is this: The Indian is a natural communist. By which I mean that the Indian thinks in terms of his group. The white man always thinks of himself first and his group last. We approach things from the viewpoint of the individual. The Indian's point of view is that of the group; his relation to and his responsibility for the group. He thinks in group terms. He has a socialized concept of life. Society has been a definite thing to which he was responsible. The family life and the tribe life have an immediate bearing upon all his actions.

"Of course the Indian must learn some new viewpoints if he is going to compete with the white man in civilized life. He must be able to meet the white man on his own ground. But it is hard to make an Indian believe that mere possession of a thing constitutes an absolute ownership, if some one needs it more than he—and I don't know but that he is right. Indeed I hope that we are in the way of readjusting some of our ideas of society and economics a little more to the vision of the Indian soul."—From Home Missions Council Report.



INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they all have passed away,
 That noble race and brave,
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave;
 That 'mid the forests where they roamed
 There rings no hunter's shout;
 But their name is on your waters,
 Ye may not wash it out!

'Tis where Ontario's billow
 Like ocean's surge is curled,
 Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
 The echoes of the world;
 Where red Missouri bringeth
 Rich tributes from the West,
 And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
 On green Virginia's breast.

Old Massachusetts wears it
 Within her lordly crown,
 And broad Ohio bears it
 Amid her young renown;
 Connecticut hath wreathed it
 Where her quiet foliage waves
 And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
 Through all her ancient caves.

Ye say their cone-like cabins
 That cluster o'er the vale,
 Have fled away like withered leaves
 Before the autumn gale;
 But their memory liveth on your hills,
 Their baptism on your shore,
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
 Within his rocky heart,
 And Allegheny graves its tone
 Throughout his lofty chart;
 Mowadnock on his forehead hoar
 Doth seal the sacred trust;
 Your mountains build their monument,
 Though ye destroy their dust.

—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, in *The Christian Missionary*.



PHILENA THATCHER—A MISSIONARY OF A CENTURY AGO.

BY HER GRANDSON.

A COLLECTION of notes in the diary of Dr. Kingsbury, written in 1853, reveal the following facts:

Miss Philena Thatcher came to the Choctaws in 1823 with Miss Varnum, who afterwards became Mrs. Kingsbury. Miss Thatcher was twenty years old when she came to this people, from Harford, Penn. She married Ebenezer Hotchkin in 1831, and together they came with the Choctaws in 1833 to the new country west of the Mississippi.

It was a long journey and the way was new. Winter overtook them and many perished. Mrs. Hotchkin rode a little Choctaw pony all the way, suffering with this people in their multiplied hardships. It is said that her spirit of patient suffering and her ceaseless service for the more unfortunate ones sustained the Indians beyond measure.

Philena visited her home in 1835, and for the last time looked into the faces of loved ones given up for the Master's sake. In an album written at that time is found this letter:

HARFORD, PENN., 1835.

Philena, sister dear:

These sweet memorials will not draw your heart from your Master's work. You will patiently and cheerfully toil a few more days or years for the poor orphaned, benighted Choctaws. Then the Saviour's friends will meet you, forever to participate in the saints' eternal rest.

"There is a world we have not seen
That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footsteps hath not been;
No ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

"There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

"There is a world and O, how blest,
Fairer than prophet ever told;
And never did an angel guest
One-half its blessedness unfold.



Philena Thatcher Hotchkin.

Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkin, grandson of
Philena Thatcher.

"It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
And there to dim the radiant scene
The tear of sorrow never flows.

"It is the dwelling place of God."
—E. G.

Another interesting memorial:

"Scenes of love and sacred friendship,—
You have bid them all farewell,
O'er the earth's wide face you wander,
News of Jesus' love to tell.

We shall never
Meet again on earth,—Farewell."

If she had been mindful of that country, she could have returned, but she was faithful to the end, and to-day she sleeps between the murky waters of the Boggy and the Red River.

For forty years she was a faithful servant to the Choctaws.

(The above was sent to us by Rev. Ebenezer Hotchkkin, who is the third generation of his family to give his life to the Choctaws.)

INDIAN NAMES FOR THE MONTHS OR MOONS.

January—The Cold Moon.
February—The Snow Moon.
March—The Green Moon.
April—The Moon of Plants.
May—The Moon of Flowers.
June—The Hot Moon.

July—The Moon of the Deer.
August—The Sturgeon Moon.
September—The Fruit Moon.
October—The Traveling Moon.
November—The Beaver Moon.
December—The Hunting Moon.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

MRS. C. W. CHAMBERS.

HAVING given a score of the best years of my life to the work of teaching and training the Alabama Indians, it is not without misgivings that I look back and ask myself to-day, "Has it been worth while?"

The results in many ways are far short of my hopes and plans of twenty years ago, but I know I have "fought a good fight."

Former missionaries and preachers had the work well started. The Presbyterian Church had an organization of about a hundred members, and a church building adequate to their needs. Most of the Indians were faithful in their attendance on the services and gave good attention. They had outwardly given up their heathenism; the dances and ball games had been abolished, the medicine man had been supplanted by the white doctor, a day school established, and the whole tribe had turned to farming as a means of ob-

taining a livelihood. These conditions were very different from the savage state in which our missionaries found them in 1881.

I can smile now, when I think of my great hopes. "Surely," we said as we looked around on the congregation gathered on that Sabbath morning twenty years ago, "surely we need not stay here many years. Most of the Indians who are old enough to understand are in the church, and we can soon train some of these bright young people to be teachers and leaders, then we can go back home." I smile through my tears, even yet, when I think of how my heart was set on doing a great deal in a short time, and how strong and persistent was the call "back home."

It will be necessary in this short article to pass over most of the difficulties and discouragements we encountered. They were many and varied.

We soon found that the attention given

at the services was just a polite waiting for the speaker to close, that only a few of the men understood a little English. The few who could read understood practically nothing of what they read, or of spoken English. There were jealousies and feuds which did not appear to the casual visitor, and a sinister influence against the mission, backed by white people who wanted to keep the Indians in ignorance. The saloons and a moonshine still or two furnished the liquor which most of the men and boys drank at times, and quite a number used habitually.

Now, after twenty years, every person in the village between the ages of twelve and thirty can read English, many of them understandingly. The vacant expressions of countenance which met the teacher have given way to the eager understanding flash of the eye, the smile or the tear which speaks their appreciation of the story. The greatest joy of my life now is in the telling of the beautiful Bible stories to the earnest, attentive audience which meets me each Sabbath morning.

There is more Christian love among them than formerly, but jealousy is a



The Missionary Home.

demon that dies hard in the Indian breast. The saloon is gone, but a moonshine still dispenses firewater somewhere in the wood not far from us. Only two of the older men and a few of the boys ever get drunk, now.

That the Indians now love and trust us is evinced by many acts and expressions of kindness.

During the fifty or sixty years previous to our coming the tribe had decreased from five hundred to one hundred and seventy-five, which the census of 1900 gave them. The census of 1920 will show about two hundred and fifty. The increase is due



A Fifty-Year-Old Enemy of the Alabamas.



An Alabama Indian as the Missionaries found him.

partly to an accession of about twenty from another kindred tribe, the decrease in the use of alcoholic drinks, and better and more hygienic ways of living. Pneumonia is not so common or fatal, the long "slow" fevers are broken in the first stages, and the Lord so helped us that even the deadly "flu" took only two of our number, though many were stricken. The white plague is with us, and only better housing conditions and more nutritious food can give relief.

I wish I could report that the Indians are advancing in a material way, as the increase of three hundred per cent. in church collections would lead one to suppose. The pastor's salary remains the same and they give gladly to every church cause. Poor land, bad weather conditions and the loss of cattle and stock forced

most of the men from farming into saw-milling. Those who are strong can earn enough to keep themselves and their families from suffering, but life is a continual struggle for the many widows and orphans who are not fitted for this kind of work. It is touching to see frail women and little children cutting cordwood and carrying it for long distances in their arms, but hundreds of cords of wood have been put up that way in the past year.

We are still hoping that the Government will see the duty to the Alabamas and allow them the use of suitable farm lands. Also that it will establish an industrial school to supplement the day school and make our work more practical.

In closing I wish to express my appreciation for the encouragement received from letters of good cheer in our loneliness; for substantial gifts which have helped to brighten our lives and those of the Indians; for the great generosity that enabled us to build the little cottage which is now our home, and for the car which the ladies and children of the East Texas Presbyterial gave us, as a means of increas-



And as he became.

ing our efficiency and comfort, and relieving our isolation. All of these things speak to us of the love and sympathy of people in many parts of our beloved Church.

We ask your prayers especially—

That we may be entirely delivered from the curse of liquor.

For the young people who are coming to the front as leaders in church work, Christian Endeavor and Sabbath schools.

For an Industrial School, and for a just treatment by the Government, for these wards of our nation, to whom we owe such a real obligation.

Pinckney, Texas.

AMERICAN INDIAN VERSION OF THE SHEPHERD PSALM

(Compare with Psalm 23.)

THE Great Father above a Shepherd Chief is, the same as I am His, and with Him I want not.

He throws out to me a rope, and the name of the rope is Love, and He draws me to where the grass is green and the water not dangerous, and I eat and lie down satisfied.

Sometimes my heart is very weak and falls down, but He lifts it up again and draws me into a good road.

His name is Wonderful.

Some time, it may be very soon, it may be longer, it may be a long, long time, He will draw me into a place between mountains. It is dark there, but I'll draw back not. I'll be afraid not, for it is in there between those mountains that the Shepherd Chief will meet me, and the hunger I have felt in my heart all through this life will be satisfied.

Sometimes He makes the love rope into a whip, but afterwards He gives me a staff to lean on.

He spreads a table before me with all kinds of food. He puts His hands upon my head and all the "tired" is gone.

My cup He fills till it runs over.

What I tell you is true; I lie not. These roads that are "away ahead" will stay with me through this life, and afterward I will go to live in the "Big Tepee" and sit down with the Shepherd Chief forever.

—Permission, Isabel Crawford and Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society.



NOTES FROM DURANT COLLEGE.

MRS. CHRISTINE B. MORRISON.

ANOTHER year has past with its perplexities and joys; another year of the Lord's word taught to many young women, who are rapidly becoming the young matrons of the great State of Oklahoma. Cupid has had a busy year at O. P. C., too. Some of the girls suggest that leap year was the reason.

It seemed at times as if worldliness would crowd out spirituality. Rev. E. Hotchkin began his annual college meeting with every

obstacle it would seem that a man could face. But God can overcome all things and many dear girls gave their hearts to Christ.

There is great interest on the part of teachers and students over the new building, which will be started this summer. Plans and specifications are already drawn and work will be begun as soon as materials can be gotten on the ground. Ten years of work hampered by lack of space makes a new building a God-send. God can bless



Mrs. J. W. Woody, Matron.

a hampered work, but how much more good can be done, and how many more girls can be helped if there is room and convenient accommodations for them! While a large part of the money necessary for the erection of the new building is in hand, friends of Christian education must not forget the further needs of Durant College. The proper furnishing of this building will cost thousands of dollars. Here is an opportunity for liberal Christian givers to

further aid the great cause of education in the far West.

An interesting feature, especially for the Indian girls in attendance this year, has been the revival of weaving and basketry under the leadership of Miss Virginia Lee Kiser. Many beautiful baskets and vase-covers, etc., have been made by the girls out of the native grasses and reeds of Oklahoma. Some very attractive hangers and tapestries have been woven out of material that would otherwise have been thrown away.

In every school there are many who serve unknown, but whose good deeds cannot be estimated by any ordinary standard of value. One such valuable service is that of the faithful matron of Durant College, Mrs. J. M. Woody, who for a number of years has given her life, day and night, in the service of our Oklahoma girls. We feel that the people of the Church at large would be glad to know this good woman who is doing such a service to these young lives.

After ten years of strenuous effort in behalf of this school and work, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Morrison are withdrawing from the school at the close of the present session. Dr. E. H. Lyle, of Cleburne, Texas, has been elected to the presidency and will take charge early in the summer. We bespeak for him the prayers and deep interest of our Church at large as he enters upon his task.

Durant, Okla.



Dr. W. B. Morrison, who has given ten years of sacrificial service to O. P. C.

HOME MISSIONS AT THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

TUESDAY evening, May 25th, was Home Mission night at the General Assembly, and was conceded by all to be one of the most interesting and one of the best of the sessions.

Dr. T. A. Wharton, chairman of the Standing Committee on Home Missions, presided and presented the report of that committee, extracts from which are given below.

The program for the popular meeting was prepared by Dr. McMillan, who also introduced the speakers.

The great church was crowded with an earnest and interested congregation, and the program consisted of brief messages from workers on the firing line.

The first man introduced was Rev. C. R. Womeldorf, at one time a missionary to Brazil, now in charge of the Mexican work at El Paso, Texas, supported jointly by the Foreign and Home Mission Committee, thus showing the inter-relation between Home and Foreign Missions. Mr. Womeldorf presented the great opportunity before our Church, among the half million Mexicans in Texas, stating that our Church has been more successful than any other denomination in reaching the Mexicans, and told of the prospect of soon having a Mexican Synod. He spoke of the necessity of a training school for Mexican ministers, which is our greatest need, as at present we have no place to send our candidates. In this connection it is interesting to note that the General Assembly asked Austin Theological Seminary to consider the advisability of creating a Spanish-speaking department in connection with that institution. Mr. Womeldorf then called to his side Sr. Carlos Gonzales, a Mexican elder from Victoria, Texas, who addressed the Assembly in Spanish, his interpreter being Mr. Womeldorf.

Mr. Womeldorf was followed by Mr. Rogers L. Frazer, an elder in an Indian Church, a full-blood Choctaw, and a licentiate, who has the Indian talent for public speaking and who made a most serious speech, saying, "No doubt it would be expected that I should speak a few words in Choctaw in order that the Assembly might hear the native tongue, but I have come a thousand miles and I cannot afford to merely entertain you. I have come upon a serious mission, and take advantage of my opportunity to make a serious appeal.

It is sometimes said that my people are not dying out, but it is a mistake. The stars of your people are in the ascendancy, but mine are in the declension, and the time is not far distant when my people are destined

to go into oblivion." He then expressed gratitude for the great work that has been done for the Indians by the Presbyterian Church and made a most earnest appeal for the substantial support of the great Home Mission work among his people.

Rev. J. W. Lee, a colored minister, a graduate of Stillman Institute, for several years pastor at Batoa Rouge, La., but recently called and ordained pastor of the Berean Colored Church in New Orleans, was the next speaker, probably the most eloquent of the evening. He made a great appeal for the gratitude of the colored people for the establishment of the Negro Girls' School, prophesying a greater Stillman, and what it will mean to his own people, stating that no race rises above its womanhood. His address provoked the applause of the Assembly, as did the singing by the colored commissioners of "Swing Low," and other Negro spirituals, although the Moderator had asked repeatedly that the Assembly indulge in no such expressions of approval.

Returning from the Assembly, one of the prominent men of the Church remarked, "If that is a sample of Stillman Institute's work, it is a great institution."

Dr. W. M. Fairley, pastor of our "farthest west" church, Westminster Church, at El Paso, Texas, spoke most earnestly of the need for a more adequate support of the Western work.

About ten years ago the Home Mission Committee, recognizing the great opportunity for our Church in this growing city of the Southwest, made a substantial appropriation to assist in the erection of a church building. The result was an adequate plant which enabled the church to do an aggressive work. To-day we have in El Paso a strong, self-supporting congregation with a handsome building, free of debt, with two outstations which will soon be organized churches, making three of our denomination in El Paso. How many churches have been permanently retarded because of the inability of the committee adequately to finance the building is one of the unanswerable questions, and suggests what might be the results if the committee had an adequate building fund with which to meet the opportunities of this new day.

The closing address was by the inimitable T. B. Talbot, superintendent of Home Missions in West Lexington Presbytery, in Kentucky, which embraces the largest part of the Guerrant Inland Mission. From start

to finish the Assembly was convulsed with laughter at the humorous, but telling statements in regard to the magnificent work being done by Assembly's Home Missions, as he gave instance after instance of the wonderful growth and of fruitful lives which have been given for service, as a result of our work for the mountain people. He complimented the address of Rev. J. W. Lee, the colored minister, stating that he was the only speaker "in my class." After catching the imagination of the Assembly with his humor and enthusiasm, he closed with a most powerful appeal in behalf of the neglected and needy classes in the mountains.

The evangelistic work of the committee was presented Monday morning at eleven o'clock, by Dr. John McNeill, pastor of the South Highlands Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, who thrilled the large congregation with his burning evangelistic message that will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it.

Extracts from the report of the Standing Committee on Home Missions:

"The Annual Report and review of the General Assembly's Executive Committee of Home Missions, present a statement of splendid progress in all departments of the work submitted to their care. It is noteworthy that this most marked advance in the history of our church should have been made in so troubled a period and against the pressure of varied new as well as old difficulties. The receipts for the past year amounted to \$407,643.28, an increase of 34 per cent at a cost for administration and publicity of 6 per cent.

"Unusual legacies and a more intelligent and comprehensive undertaking of the needs of the cause have at last partially furnished the means to answer the cry which rings all throughout the accounts of the field as recorded in this annual report.

"And the committee has advanced steadily during the past year toward its two great objectives, an increase of salaries for our workers and the adequate equipment of our work. Appeals for special funds for material equipment have met with partial response and several legacies for buildings have recently become available. These, added to small funds, which have been slowly accumulating, and the fortunate sale of several pieces of real estate, have made it possible to make appropriations for buildings aggregating over \$100,000.00.

"The assembly will be pleased to note progress also in the work of Stillman Institute. A new residence has been erected,

homes now provide for three teachers, improvements to the extent of \$2,000 in the homes already existing have been made. Sixty acres of good land adjoining the present property have been purchased, giving us a holding now of 110 acres.

"It will be gratifying also to the Assembly to know that at last we are on the point of realizing our desire to enter into the field of Jewish evangelization. The home mission committee has been corresponding with the home mission board of the Presbyterian church, United States of America, as to the feasibility of conducting a joint Jewish mission in the city of Baltimore. The details of the arrangement have been worked out and this work is now in full operation.

"We feel that the thanks of this Assembly is due to this committee for the full and admirable report which it makes to this Assembly. Its arrangement and completeness of detail thoroughly furnishes every worker in the Assembly with the information needed to a full understanding of every department of our work.

"We recommend that the executive committee of home missions give their most earnest attention to the appeal of the church in Tampa, Fla., made by their representative for a larger equipment to meet the great need of their growing work among the Latin population.

"We recommend also that the following amount be apportioned to the cause, namely, \$720,000, for 1921-22, this being 16 per cent of the \$4,500,000 contemplated as the Assembly's budget for benevolences for the coming year.

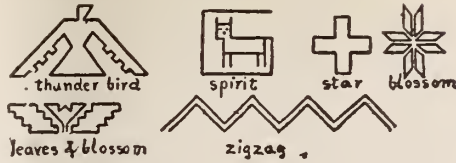
"We desire to offer also the following recommendations:

"1. That the Assembly continue to call upon the whole church to entrench its aggressive Home Mission work in the hearts of its constituency by means of intercessory prayer and by substantial support with liberal offerings. Only that which costs touches the deepest depths of the heart.

"2. That the Assembly indorse Home Mission Week, November 21-25, and its observance by all our churches, for studying the needs of the country, and where possible taking the voluntary and self-denying offerings for special equipment funds.

"3. That the assembly insist on the active co-operation of all its church agencies to carry the whole load of the church, and upon equitable distribution of benevolent funds according to the Assembly's schedule, which determines the relative importance of the Assembly's causes."

WINNEBAGO SYMBOLISMS



OUR SPICE BOX.

What have more than doubled among the Indians since 1900?

Show how a translation may be literal and yet not a true one.

It's no wonder that the Choctaws love him. Who?

What demon dies hard in the Indian breast?

An interesting feature at O. P. C. this year has been what?

Who said at the Assembly that he did not travel 1,000 miles to entertain?

What three recommendations were offered at the Assembly?

What made his chest hurt bad, and what cured it?

SENIOR HOME MISSION PROGRAM FOR
JULY, 1920.

Prepared by Miss Eleanora Andrews Berry.
RIFTS-IN-THE-CLOUDS.

1. Hymn 305, Psalms and Hymns.
2. Prayer—For the blessing of God upon all the efforts of the Indian Bureau, for the advancement of the Indian, and for a Christian neighborliness between him and his white associates.
3. Scripture—Twenty-third Psalm.
4. Indian Version, Twenty-third Psalm.
5. Early Indian Missions.
6. Reading—Indian Names.
7. A Sketch of One of Our Own Early Missionaries.
8. Two Thousand Miles for a Book.
9. The Soul of the Indian.
10. An Appeal for O. P. C.
11. The Alabama Indians.
12. The Indian of To-day—
His economic, political, religious status.

13. Prayer—For the work of Protestant Missions among the Indians, that it may be extended until we shall no longer have the reproach of 47,000 Indians untouched by Gospel Missions.
14. Hymn—Hark, the Voice of Jesus Crying

NOTES. 5-8.

Order Lesson on Indian Missions, and "An Indian Picture Gallery" from Literature Department, 1522 Hurt Building, Atlanta, Ga. Send 5c. for these, a new leaflet appealing for O. P. C., and a new Indian leaflet issued by the Interchurch World Movement, which shows how we can serve the Indian.

12. See Indian Progress, by Mr. Sells in this issue.

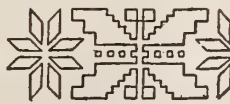
COMBINATION FIGURES



SIoux



ARAPAHO



WINNEBAGO

Publication and Sabbath School Extension

BRANCH DEPARTMENT AT TEXARKANA, ARK.-TEX.
PUBLISHING HOUSE, 6-8 North Sixth Street, Richmond, Va.

FOR EVERY LITTLE FOOT GOD HAS A LITTLE SHOE.

LAURA E. ARMITAGE.

THEY were just youngsters, but what funny youngsters, what appealing ones, how full of childhood and mischief.

"Sunny France!" yelled one of them teasingly to a guard on duty who was very, very wet. It was raining, as usual, for this was Brest, France, and this camp Pontenezeum. The guard made a pass as if to draw his gun while the soldier darted inside the "Y" hut.

There, grouped around long tables were his buddies, some reading, some writing, some talking, some, just bored, lounging, happy-go-lucky, looking for amusement. It was the middle of the month; last month's pay gone; this month's yet to come; broke, no chance of a game of eraps, no buying a drink or borrowing money to buy one, or flattering a kid into treating.

"Hello, Mis' Murphy," called the one who had just come in, to some one in the midst of a group around the stove. Surrounded by that circle of khaki-clad figures, perhaps thirty of them, eagerly leaning forward, there must be a human being. His face was alight as he spoke.

"Hi there, Mr. Sweeney," came a voice warm with welcome, "off guard?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am, and I'm glad, too. They'll never get me again if I can dodge the T. S. Say, sew on a button, will you?" realizing that that was his chance to break into the group. Off came his blouse.

"Wait until I finish putting on these service stripes and I'll do it for you," another laughing voice answered.

The youngster turned to another group, equally thick, in the midst of which was a blue-aproned, blue-eapped figure, indus-

triously sewing with one hand, while playing checkers with the other.

"Who you sewing on services stripes for, Helen?" demanded a soldier from the other group.

"Sam."

"What, service stripes, two of them, six months each for Sam! He's a 1919 model! He hasn't been over a month, yet. Wasn't born a year ago!"

"Aw—" a blond-headed young face tried to interrupt.

"Be careful, Helen, you'll be making him a sergeant to-morrow."

"I'm next. Mis' Murphy is going to sew on my duckboard next!"

"I am not," contradicted the "Y" girl, known as Mis' Murphy, because she mocked the East Side boys from New York.

"My name is Goirtie Moirphy.

I coirtoinly am a boird!

I live on Thoirty-second Street.

Close to Thoirty-third.

I sew *poirple* buttons on *poirl* shirts!"

"I am not," she said. "I just sewed it on for you yesterday."

"Well, Shorty pulled it off!"

"Sure I did. Who wants to wear that thing. Labor battalion."

"I wear it and it's all right," answered the girl.

"Helen wears a circus," grinned another boy.

"Better be careful, that lion will get out."

The argument had now veered around to the insigmas. That of Camp Pontenezeum was a duckboard, something like

a ladder. These duckboards had been placed around camp to walk on, in some places six feet deep; they had saved the camp from a muddy death, and so had been adopted as the insignia of many of these boy's companies. The lion referred to on Helen's sleeve indicated that she had served at Lyon with the university boys, and it did look as if it were fenced in by the duckboard.

"Look where Mis' Murphy sewed my corporal stripe," Smiley pleaded, "under my arm."

"I never said I could sew. I didn't ask to sew it on," the girl answered whimsically, "and I'm tired of 'knitting' anyway! Just look at this room. It's a mess. Come, let's clean up!"

All the youngsters grinned at each other. No one moved.

Looking over the room, one saw curtains pulled aside, pillows on the mud-tracked floor, magazines thrown around and pieces of them everywhere. The writing paper with the red triangle heading was scattered here and there. Ink wells were upside down.

"Whose going to help me straighten up?" demanded the girl.

"We just did help about an hour ago!"

"Well, you can see this place is awful looking. Let's play cleaning up. I can get all the paper together before 'you all' can get the trash."

A joyous shout greeted this, "Yes, you can—not." So all hands started in as if were a game.

"That's not your box of candy," she said to one.

"I found it."

"It belongs to Mike. I saw him with it. He forgot it and will come back for it. Give it to me."

"Findings havings."

"Not here, Buddy. You wouldn't think much of me if I acted that way. I'll put it away for him."

The box was handed over, but the youngster said she was easy.

Just then a match-box dropped gently to the floor.

"Pretty nifty, eh, what?" one soldier said, slipping it into his pocket.

"That isn't your box," he was told, "it belongs to Slim here. I saw it fall."

Slim reached into his pocket. "Sure, it's mine," he lazily said.

"You ought not to take other people's property," the girl protested, while an argument followed, to be ended with "You rate what you get in the army."

"I don't know what I am going to do with you. I certainly don't." Her heart so often sank deep. What could their home training have been? Had they no religious foundation, no ideals for the future?

She looked around at them. Just children. The war time army had come, fought the fight, waited impatiently and had sailed. The regular army was assigned to permanent duty. But these, as the old-timers called them, were 1919 models. Just children.

The one she had greeted as Mr. Sweeney had just passed his fifteenth birthday, although he had registered as of age. He had been on his way to school, had stopped to enlist, didn't show up that night at home, nor the next, and finally a misspelled note told his frantic mother where he was. He looked so young, so immature. It was only a few nights ago that two older soldiers had enticed him into a gin mill, doped his wine and taken all his money. He had had some home training. Would it see him through among these companions? He was the best of the lot.

And Cliff? Perhaps he was sixteen, but how irresponsible! How recklessly he drove his truck! How often he would come in reeling with too much liquor, then solemnly pledge next day not to touch it again. "There's daddy," he'd say, "he sits at the head of the table, and there's mother, she sits down here, and that's where sister sits, and that's where I sit," he'd indicate, "and no one sits there now because they're waiting for me."

"How old are you, Walter?" one was asked.

"Nineteen."

"Tell me truly."

"Fifteen then," he corrected, "and my name is Frank. I enlisted under my brother's name and age, and now Walter has joined the army, too. Funny."

"Doesn't the army send you to prison for giving a false name?"

"I don't know."

"Look at Bob, there, swinging his club. He thinks the place couldn't get along without him."

The boys saw the smiling face, not particularly bright, with the missing half tooth in front making his grin not so unattractive.

Both girls remembered the story he had told them one rainy evening as he walked home with them to their hut.

"I've got more money than this," he had said, pulling out a bundle of francs.

"Don't go showing that roll or some one will knock you on the head. You know there are some tough customers around. Boy shot last night."

"I've got more than this," he replied.

"Where?"

"Hid."

"Where?"

"I'm not going to tell where. It's not in my bunk, but it's hid."

"How'd you get it?"

"Stole it."

Neither girl was surprised.

"When are you going to give it back?"

"I'm not ever. My stepfather put me in a reformatory when I was four years old. He took all the money that was mine. I used to help a lot, too, for I was good, I liked Dr. and Mrs. Smith. When they went away, I got meaner and meaner, so I was sent home."

"No one puts a child of four in a reformatory."

"They did, too."

"They don't let them out when they're mean; that's when they keep them."

"I came home. I had a fight with my father. I tried to shoot him. I took his \$1,000 and came away, and I joined the army because they can't get you there."

His dumb little face was lighted up as

if he had done something for which to be commended. He wasn't much over fourteen. Something was lacking in that brain of his. How much of his story was true, how much imagination the girls did not know. They knew him to be of a brooding disposition, readily responding to kindness. They realized the danger of his having that much money on him.

"I'll keep that roll for you, and I'll give you five francs a day," Miss Murphy said.

"That's all I want," he responded, obediently and trustingly handing it over. "Just enough for me and Joe to have some eggs."

Joe! The girls' hearts were aching over that blond-headed boy. He had been adopted out of an orphan asylum into a hard working family who had cared for him and taught him to work. But here he was running with the wrong crowd; he was drinking and they feared, doping. He seemed to have lost his pride, but he came in to see them every day.

"Going to have hot chocolate to-day?" Rowdy asked.

Helen gave him a grin. "We are, and it's time to get busy. You going to help fix it?"

"Sure."

"Let me help too," many voices pleaded.

So back into the auditorium and on into the kitchen went Helen, followed by about twenty boys, "to help."

Rowdy had never come to the "Y" much until one night she had passed him in front of one of the buildings, waiting for one of the French girls who washed the dishes. She hesitated, stopped. He seemed such a clean looking chap. "Come along with me," she invited. He was glad to come, he was just lonely, and now he was always around.

Another was a yellow-headed boy of about 18. Oh, so thin. His voice was husky, his cheeks flushed. He had enlisted at the beginning of the war, had been gassed, been in the brig, been in all kinds of trouble. He had tuberculosis, undoubtedly. When he could get the money he drank a lot, but his devotion was unswerving to the girls who kept his

francs for him and tried to keep him on the right road. "The only thing that makes me want to go back home is my gray-headed mother," he would say, with the husky rattle in his throat.

"Not a one of you can come in unless you'll agree to do what I say, even wash the dishes," Helen told them again at the door.

"I'll eat doughnuts," they exclaimed. "I'll drink chocolate."

"You'll wash dishes," Helen spoke with authority.

"All right, school-ma'am," they agreed, teasingly.

Soon the chocolate was mixed, the milk opened, the water heated, the cups ready, the doughnuts on the trays, ready to feed about five hundred boys, or more.

Outside the movies had finished, the mischievous soldiers already in line, feet scrambling, voices calling, "Hyah I come, Hyah I come," mocking the Southern girl, Mis' Murphy.

She handed out the doughnuts, each boy as he filed by had to hold up two fingers, which she "ringed." No fingers, no doughnuts. Around the line they would go, again and again, fingers up, cups in hand, talking, grinning, teasing, until the supply was exhausted. It was funny to see newcomers try to hold their two middle fingers down to receive their "rings." How they'd grin, pleased at the play. Today if you offer most of those boys doughnuts, they automatically hold up two fingers.

The kitchen was a friendly place. Around on all the tables the boys perched themselves, arguing, reviewing who won the war. Some were so mysterious, the girls never knew who they were, where they belonged, what they did. Some were escaped criminals. Jim Smith, we'll say, one was named. They learned later that he was a general prisoner, who had been put on board ship for home, he had escaped in a sailor's uniform, had stolen a ear, which was captured, so he had had the nerve to come back to camp. He had been up for shooting people, robbing them, and many crimes. He whispered long and

earnestly with some of the boys who had been hanging around. Next day he and a car disappeared. The authorities did not get him. Later one of the boys told about him, saying he was trying to persuade some of the old pals to rejoin the gang. One had a black eye as a result, but he did not go. Later this boy wrote:

"When I was fourteen I was sent away to the reformatory; I stayed there nineteen months, and then ran away. I had been in the guard house and was sent as a trusty to work in your hut. My lieutenant got me out. I still came to the hut and I have been trying to do the best I know how until now, and I am going to keep right on, and I am not going to let anything in this world keep me down from now on. Because since I have been with good people I know what a pleasure it is to be with them. For I have never known what they were in my life before. I only know what little my mother tried to teach me. There is something about you all that wants me to be square with you. I am saying good-bye forever and may God bless you for all that I want to be, and all that I am going to be I owe to you."

Where had some of these boys been all their lives; with whom had they associated? They didn't understand that girls could be interested in them as friends, pals. They seemed dumbfounded that one would sew for them, feed them, make them malted milks, listen to their troubles and their sins, and try to help them under all conditions, but would not allow them to put their arms around them. When they did realize, how eagerly they responded, how loyal they were. The girls loved them; their hearts ached over them. They still do.

That crowd is scattered. Other events, other evils, other temptations have come along. Sometimes they write to Mis' Murphy or Helen. One letter said, "I am still aiming at that star and I am not going to hit a brick," but there are many who follow whichever way the wind blows.

How these girls pray for their little buddies.

How they look at the little youngsters on the streets, wondering if they'll grow up to be like them.

Recent surveys have shown that the majority of the criminals in the United States are just boys. The call of adventure leads them; they have no Christian ideals.

They need Christ in their lives, they need the Sunday school. They respond to kindness and the right kind of living.

The Sunday school is the solution.

"For every little foot, God has a little shoe," an old mammy used to say.

The Church, through a plan of religious education, well worked out, well executed, has a chance to keep these little feet well shod. God's Son grew in wisdom and stature and favor with God and man. Can your church not so plan its work for youth that all the boys may grow as "Jesus grew?"

GENERAL ASSEMBLY NOTES.

R. E. MAGILL.

THE reports of every agency submitted to the Charlotte Assembly in May were of the most encouraging nature and there should go up from every heart who sincerely longs for the hastening of the kingdom a prayer of devout thankfulness for the blessings of the past year.

The membership made a substantial gain, reaching a total of over 372,000 or an increase of over 8,000.

There were added by profession of faith 20,246 members or a gain of about 50 per cent. over last year.

Of this number 12,119 came through the Sunday schools or 60 per cent. of the total gain by profession.

The church is beginning to realize that the Sunday school is the strategic agency for building up the kingdom and that it is at once our greatest organization for evangelistic effort and for training our young people for service.

The grace of giving gave evidence of having been cultivated through the past year as shown by the following offerings reported for benevolences:

BENEVOLENT OFFERINGS 1919-1920

Foreign Missions	\$1,115,345
Assembly Home Missions	407,643
Christian Education and Ministerial Relief	283,371
S. S. Extension and Publication	94,892
Synod's Home Missions	174,836
Presbytery's Home Missions..	304,138
Congregational Home Missions	210,216
Schools and Colleges	840,081
Bible Cause	22,185
Orphan Homes	377,569
Miscellaneous Benevolences...	447,177
War Work Council.....	26,021
	<hr/>
	\$4,303,474

Per Capita Gift, \$11.81.

The total far exceeds anything ever reached by the Church in the past and the report of the Systematic Benevolence Committee indicated that the four million dollar goal for benevolences would certainly be reached. In the light of the blessings of the past year the whole church should turn with fresh courage to the yet larger tasks that lie just ahead of us.



The Woman's Auxiliary of the Presbyterian Church in the United States

MRS. W. C. WINSBOROUGH, SUPERINTENDENT AND EDITOR
257-259 FIELD BUILDING, St. Louis, Mo.

WHAT THE AUXILIARY SHOULD MEAN TO THE CHURCH.

An Aux-il-i-ary Society,
Which always behaved with propriety,
When asked, "Are you Model?"
Replied, "Why, what Twaddle!"
For the 'Aux' is of endless variety!"

THERE was once a woman who was asked the question, "What should the auxiliary society mean to the church?" And she said in reply, that to her this society had always seemed so far above everything else in the church that those who attained it dwelt on a higher plane, beyond their less fortunate sisters. But she did not say how many of these others might attain to this height. And another woman who heard the question said that to her this society was like a window opened in a pleasant room that had been content with its own four walls. But she did not say how this window might be opened. And a third woman said the auxiliary society was like none of these, but could only be likened to a stone dropped in a still pool, that the ripples in ever-widening circles might reach to the farthest shore. But she did not say who dropped the stone, nor how.

And so another woman who had listened to what they all said, went away discouraged, for she thought, "Our society is so small, and never grows, and no one in the whole church cares whether it is there or not," and she was very downcast. Therefore, for her sake, yet another woman, out of long experience, wrote the chronicle of an auxiliary. Not of one that had attained the ideal, but of one that somehow through years had had glimpses of a goal, and patiently had set itself to seek the best.

And this is the record she wrote: Once

there was a missionary society that began to find itself. It was not very old nor very strong, and it awoke one day to realize that it did not mean very much in the life of its church. And that was strange, thought the women who were its members, for they were surely on a higher plane than the other women of the church, who worked only for physical needs in the "Aid." Yet so few seemed to know it.

But presently they saw that even if they were right, they were not making it any easier for the other women to understand. So they thought first whether the programs that seemed so bright to them might not seem to the others quite dull. So they tried to give their programs interesting titles, "Missionary Tea," "Non-Christian Faiths in America," "Christmas Meeting"—and some of the other women came. Then they began to see that in order to reach others they themselves needed to know more, and in mission study classes they studied in little groups, and again some of the other women, who were very clever, came and studied with them. With mission study, too, came more prayer.

In a year or two they found that their society needed to be reorganized for efficiency, with definite plans for prayer, study and giving. Now some of their programs were on, "The Why of Foreign Missions, with a Glimpse of the How," "The Missionary Under Fire, Criticisms Pro and Con," "The Making of a Mis-

sionary," "Prayer and Its Relation to the Lives of the Missionaries," "What is a Board?" By this time many of the other women came, and wrote and talked and listened and learned, and the society forgot all about being a Higher Plane, and became an open window through which all in the church saw new and wonderful things.

By-and-by they found they were growing into a deeper realization of the meaning of prayer, and into a larger sense of stewardship—and then there came to them a new world-consciousness. In these years their programs fitted into plans like "The Way of World Peace" and "The Larger Brotherhood," and although they did not know it, their auxiliary was likened to the stone in the clear pool, with its ever-widening circles. And the whole church knew that there was a stirring in its life, and rejoiced.

Then the missionary women saw that,

like the new and wonderful Christians of other lands, they, too, must build up in every way the church they loved, welcome strangers, lead in Bible study and in community service. The women of the "Aid" learned, too, that this unknown thing of "missions" was after all only social service written large, and that "native Christians" were people very like themselves. So it came about that in that church it was hard to tell the "Aid" women from the "Missionary" women, for all were members of both societies.

And here the chronicle ends. For the ideal is not yet attained. But that auxiliary society is still following in patience the way of attainment. In war times there was much to do, and the bond was drawn very close, and together the women served their church, their community, their country, and the great world in need.
—*From Woman's Work.*

HOW THE AUXILIARY-CIRCLE PLAN CAME TO PROGRESSVILLE.

MRS. E. D. BROWN.

CHARACTERS.

Officers of the Progressville Women's Societies of the First Church.

Ladies' Missionary Society.

Mrs. Allgood, President (for thirty years).
Mrs. Learner, Secretary.
Mrs. Holdfast, Treasurer.

Note: Enlarge on this as you think best. The words of the various speakers may be changed or added to in order to adapt them to the local conditions, being careful that no one's "feelings are hurt" by a too personal allusion. Have everything move forward with briskness and vigor and do not fear too much fun so that it points a moral.
Scene 1.—The Church Parlor.

Enter Mrs. Allgood. (She carries a few flowers. For these she finds a vase, and then begins to rearrange the chairs and table.)

Mrs. Allgood: I do feel so uneasy about this meeting! That Auxiliary Circle Plan will be an entirely new thing to our First

Ladies' Aid Society.

Mrs. Hustle, President.
Mrs. Quilting, Secretary.
Mrs. I. S. Cream, Treasurer.

Young Ladies' Benevolent and Aid Society
(Organized in 1885).

Miss Waitstill Long, Pres. } Charter Mem-
Mrs. Olden, Sec. } bers of the
Miss Mary Younger, Treas. } Society.

church women and we do not like changes.
(Enter Mrs. Quilting, of the "Aid.")

Mrs. Quilting: Oh, Mrs. Allgood, here you are on time and at work as usual! I don't know what that Ladies' Missionary Society would do without you. You simply do everything that's done, and then help us in the Aid Society, too.

Mrs. Allgood: I do what I can, my dear. I often wish that more of our women were interested, but it's usually the faithful few who do the work in all our societies, I've found. Here comes Mary Younger.

(Enter Miss Younger.)

Miss Younger: What's that about the "faithful few"? You're surely one of them,

Mrs. Allgood. Who is to preside over this meeting of officers to-day? Somebody who can explain the Circle Plan, I hope, since that is what we are to discuss.

Mrs. Allgood: Mrs. Learner will preside. You know she was our delegate from the Ladies' Missionary Society to the Presbyterial this year, and she came home enthused with the idea of one Auxiliary in the Church instead of our three societies. How this is to be managed I cannot imagine, but I suppose Mrs. Learner can explain it. Here she comes now.

(Enter Mrs. Learner followed by the other officers.)

Mrs. Learner: Ladies, this meeting is to be entirely informal, and I hope every one of the officers present will feel free to express her opinion. I suppose each one of us understands the object of this meeting. We have come together at our pastor's request, to discuss the Auxiliary-Circle Plan. If we decide that we approve the plan, Dr. Wiseman will call a mass-meeting of the women of our congregation and take their vote as to whether or not our church shall adopt it.

Miss Waitstill Long: And suppose we don't approve?

Mrs. Learner: Then I suppose the matter will be dropped—for a time at least.

Mrs. Allgood (aside to Mrs. Holdfast): And I own that in that event I shall feel vastly relieved.

Mrs. Learner: I believe that we are supplied with copies of the Suggested Constitution.

Mrs. Olden: I understand from the Constitution the objects and methods of the new organization, but what I do not understand is what is to become of our existing organizations.

Mrs. Learner: Oh, they are to be done away with at once.

ALL (in horrified astonishment) Done away with!

Miss Waitstill Long: But I thought we were to have circles! Why could we not have a Young Ladies' Benevolent and Missionary Circle just as we have now?

Mrs. Learner: Ladies, we cannot succeed with this new plan if we try to retain our old methods. We must clear away all our former organizations and start anew.

Mrs. Allgood and Mrs. Holdfast (gazing at each other): *After all these years!*

Miss Waitstill Long: What distresses me is the thought of giving up our name. The Young Ladies' Benevolent and Missionary Society was organized by Mary Younger's saintly grandmother, who was then our pastor's wife, and Jane Olden and I were two of the charter members.

Miss Younger: Madame Chairman, from what I've heard of my grandmother, she was a broad-minded and progressive woman.

A Young Ladies' Benevolent and Missionary Society was an up-to-date thing in her day. Indeed she was rather ahead of the times in organizing one. I believe my grandmother, if she were living to-day, would be the very first to agree to let our old organizations pass, if by so doing we can make space for better things. (Nods of approval from several of the women, but Miss W. L. continues to shake her head.)

Mrs. Holdfast: Please tell us how the circles are formed and who arranges them.

Mrs. Learner: As soon as the officers are elected for the new Auxiliary they meet and arrange the circles. There may be a Business Women's Circle, a Home Circle to include shut-ins, non-residents and others, and any number of general circles. In short, the plan includes a place for every woman in the church, and the aim is to have every woman fill her place.

Mrs. Hustle: But what about the money? We couldn't possibly put our money together, for you know we don't do the same things at all.

Mrs. Learner: If we become an Auxiliary the officers will make out a budget for the year and everything that any society has been doing will be included in it. All the gifts from the circles will be given to the entire budget, and all of us will be working for all the causes of the Church.

Mrs. I. S. Cream: Well, I'm sure the Ladies' Aid could never raise its money by any budget plan!

Mrs. Quilting: But, my dear Mrs. Cream, if we adopt the Auxiliary Plan there will be no Ladies' Aid!

Mrs. Allgood: Will the circles have separate or joint meetings?

Mrs. Learner: The circles will meet separately on one day in each month. Also on one day in each month all the women in the church are to come together in an Auxiliary meeting. If there are no other questions let us hear now from each officer her opinion of this whole matter.

Mrs. Olden: Our pastor's opinion has great weight with me. If Dr. Wiseman thinks we should try the plan, I shall not oppose it.

Miss Waitstill Long (tearfully): I can't bear the idea of giving up the Young Ladies' Benevolent and Missionary Society!

Mrs. I. S. Cream: I like some parts of this thing, but I'm afraid that budget plan will not work.

Mrs. Hustle: But if we'll work, perhaps we can work the plan.

Mrs. Quilting: The best thing about this to me is the hope it offers of reaching all the women of the church instead of the "faithful few."

Mrs. Holdfast: The most helpful feature in my opinion is the idea of all giving to all causes of the church.

Mrs. Allgood: But the thought of our women meeting *all together*, bound in one blest tie of Christian love, is the thought that warms my heart.

Miss Younger: Madame Chairman, the last three opinions have decided mine. If there is even the slightest chance that this Auxiliary-Circle Plan will help to enlist all the women of the church, to induce them to give to all the causes, and to bring them all together, then it's a plan worth trying. I move, Madame Chairman, that we, the officers of the Women's Societies of the First church, approve the Auxiliary-Circle Plan and recommend it to our women.

Four Voices: I second the motion.

Mrs. Learner: It is moved and seconded that we approve the Auxiliary-Circle Plan and recommend it to our women. Is there discussion? All in favor of this motion will please signify it by rising. (*Miss Younger, Mrs. Allgood, Mrs. Holdfast, Mrs. Quilting and Mrs. Hustle rise promptly. Mrs. Olden rises slowly. Mrs. Cream with evident reluctance, while Miss W. L. remains seated with her handkerchief to her eyes.*)

Miss Younger: *All together!*

(*Miss Long rises hesitatingly. The women join hands forming a circle.*) End of Scene One.

Bring in results here that have actually occurred. It is a good place to emphasize your annual report, if given by a local society. Change text to suit your needs.

Scene Two—Six Months Later.

(Enter *Mrs. Learner, Mrs. Holdfast, Mrs. Quilting, Mrs. Hustle, Miss Younger and Mrs. Olden.*)

Mrs. Learner: We are early, are we not? Or else the other ten members of the Executive Committee are late.

Miss Younger: Yes, we are a few minutes ahead of time. Do you realize that it is six months ago to-day since we had our first meeting to consider the Auxiliary-Circle Plan? I know none of us will ever forget the agony of reorganization. Suppose we have a little "experience meeting" and each tell what we think of the plan *now*. *Mrs. Olden, will you speak first?*

Mrs. Olden: I was not heartily in favor of the Circle Plan at first, but now that I see its fruits I could not give my consent to go back to our old way for any consideration.

Mrs. Learner: We have at least three times as many interested workers in the circle to which I belong as we formerly had in our three societies put together.

Mrs. Quilting: I have found that there is a place in our Auxiliary for every woman in our church—something that fits each one.

Mrs. Hustle: And how wonderfully our women have developed! There used to be just exactly three women in our church that would or could undertake to lead anything. And now think of our seven circle chairmen and our six secretaries of causes in addition to the other officers!

Miss Younger: Have you noticed how much more real sociability there is among our church women now? We enjoy our close association in circle meetings and committee work, and then so many more women attend the Auxiliary meetings that we've learned to know each other better.

Mrs. Holdfast: And we give so much more! Do you know that our Business Women's Circle has given more to missions in six months than our Ladies' Missionary Society gave in any six years of its existence? Then giving to all the causes and studying each cause and its needs has educated our women in the whole work of our church. We are learning to be intelligent givers.

Mrs. Learner: Our united prayers, too, have drawn us closer together. After all, this is our real work—"helping together by prayer."

We are working toward these THREE ALLS—ALL the women, ALL the causes, ALL together—and for our work I believe we could not have chosen a better method than the

AUXILIARY-CIRCLE PLAN.

The Woman's Auxiliary, 257-259 Field Building, St. Louis, Mo. (5 cents each.)

COME TO MONTREAT

THE WOMAN'S SUMMER SCHOOL OF MISSIONS.

Special rate of one fare and one-third for round trip, if tickets are bought two days in advance of the conference and good to return to September 1st.

Send for Identification Blanks to
THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY
257-259 Field Building, St. Louis, Mo.

AMMUNITION

CONDUCTED BY MISS CARRIE LEE CAMPBELL
306 WEST GRACE STREET,

RICHMOND, VA.

"Shall I visit the different circles in our auxiliary, as the other cause secretaries do? And if so, what shall I take to them?"

Your opportunity is limitless; snatch it. Write to the different Executive Committees, and to the Woman's Auxiliary, get their lists of publications, study these, order the best you find, and take to each circle meeting one live leaflet for each member to take home. Show them on the map where all our work centers are, and tell them of the different kinds of literature the various committees handle, and show some of their "wares"; but not to the point of weariness. Get the charts illustrating each part of the work, and give a "chart talk"; have samples of the twenty-two kinds of things the Richmond Committee publishes. In a talk like this there will be surprises for you and for the members of the circles, too. Try it.

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Again, Secretaries of Literature! Read the following:

First, Second, and Third of Missionary Literature.—3 cents. Mrs. E. C. Cronk. And you can never be in doubt as to your duties or your opportunities, for its ten little leaves are bursting with suggestions

Christian Education and Ministerial Relief

REV. HENRY H. SWEETS, D. D., EDITOR,
122 SOUTH FOURTH AVENUE,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

MR. JOHN STITES, TREASURER,
FIFTH AND MARKET STREETS,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

(This incident occurred in the life of Mrs. Mary L. Logan, late missionary to Korea.)

In far Korea it was the evening hour;
The missionary, her day's labor o'er,
Sat musing on the Saviour's love and power;
A knock was heard, she opened wide the door.

A Christian native stepped within and tarried;
Her face was shining, her voice soft and low;
A home-made lantern in her hand she carried,
The darkness scarcely lessened by its glow.

They talked of how to spread the gospel story
Throughout the land, and precious souls to win;
It was for these the Lord of light and glory
Laid down his life, to save them from their sin.

At a late hour their conference was ended;
The woman lingered, loath to go, and yet
Her lonely way through darkness must be wended.
The missionary spoke with great regret.

"I have no one to guide you through the dark night;
It grieves me much that you must leave me so."

But flashing back a smile as bright as sunlight
The woman said, "The light and I will go."

O thou who art the light of sinful mortals,
Within my heart let this assurance glow:
No dangers lurk for me within life's portals,
For through all time thy light with me shall go.

Let me not fear the nights of pain and sorrow
That o'er my life dark shadows sometimes cast.
Thy light of love will guide me till the morrow
And lead me to the heavenly home at last.

NELLIE B. SWEETS.

Elizabethtown, Ky.

NOTES FROM THE TENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION AND MINISTERIAL RELIEF.

HENRY H. SWEETS, *Secretary.*

IN ADDITION to the candidates for the ministry who laid down their lives in the services of their country, we have to report that Lonnie Green, of the Presbytery of Brazos, was wounded in action November 1, 1918, in the Argonne Forest drive and died November 3, 1918. Also that Lattie Alfred Bain, of the Presbytery of Fayetteville, died while a member of the senior class at the Kentucky Seminary, Louisville, Ky., February 13, 1920.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The receipts for all departments of the work of Christian Education and Ministerial Relief to March 31, 1920, were \$283,371.13 as against \$214,803.48 the previous year, an increase of \$68,567.65. This is an increase of \$44,474.27 in the receipts for the general funds and of \$24,093.38 for the endowment fund. Life annuity funds to the amount of \$8,436.05 were received, a decrease of \$1,763.95 from last year.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.

General Funds.

	1919-20.	Increase.	Decrease.
Churches ..	\$139,282.79	\$29,439.21	\$
Sabbath			
Schools....	14,360.32	7,637.45	
Societies....	21,408.53	5,313.45	
Individuals.	11,536.30	378.53	
Interest ...	32,859.28	1,702.62	
Legacies	510.76		145.31
Refunded ..	2,891.03	710.03	
Miscellaneous	659.80		561.71
Total...	\$223,508.81	\$45,181.29	\$ 707.02

Endowment Fund.

	1919-20.	Increase.	Decrease.
Churches	\$ 8,280.58	\$ 4,488.62	
Sabbath			
Schools....	3,092.21	2,700.70	
Societies....	2,991.75	2,167.35	
Individuals..	11,971.22		\$2,284.02
Legacies ..	22,181.01	17,750.18	
Miscellaneous	2,909.50	1,034.50	
Total...	\$51,426.27	\$28,141.35	\$2,284.02

I. EDUCATION FOR THE MINISTRY AND MISSION SERVICE.

Appreciating the great need for a large increase in the number of capable, consecrated ministers and missionaries the Executive Committee has conducted the most extensive survey they have ever attempted to locate the choice boys and girls of the Church, and to help them find God's plan for their lives. Many pastors and sessions, parents and teachers, and women and young people's societies have rendered invaluable assistance in this work.

We are convinced that no less than two thousand boys and girls and young men and young women should be in the various stages of preparation for this work right now in our schools, colleges, training schools and theological seminaries.

A LIFE WORK SECRETARY.

The Executive Committee is rejoiced that they were able to secure the services of Rev. Edward E. Lane as Life Work Secretary. Mr. Lane is visiting the schools, colleges, universities, normal

schools, and churches to present the claims of the ministry and to confer with the students about their life work. He will also assist in many conferences during the summer months.

PRAYER AND EARNEST EFFORTS.

Hundreds of pages of the best literature on life service have been printed and placed in the hands of the youth of the Church. This is being sent free to any of the boys and girls of our Church whose names and addresses are forwarded to the office.

Earnest, importunate, believing prayer that God may look upon this great need in Zion and honor all our churches and homes by calling the choicest of our boys and girls to this happy work should ascend from all our hearts.

CANDIDATES AIDED.

Applications for loans from the funds of education for the ministry and mission service to the number of 174 were received and granted by the Executive Committee. The sum of \$18,638.50 was remitted to them. Of the 174 who received aid, 149 are candidates for the ministry, 4 are volunteers for medical mission service and 21 are young women preparing for various forms of mission service.

II. MINISTERIAL RELIEF.

Only those who have shared the direct responsibility of ministering to the physical needs of the faithful veterans, the sick or wounded, and the needy widows and orphans of our deceased ministers can fully understand the joy that has come to the hearts of your committee in the administration of its work this year.

THE ROLL.

There were on the rolls of Ministerial Relief this year 106 ministers, 161 widows and 25 afflicted orphans. In these 292

homes are 96 little fatherless children under fourteen years of age. Of these 46 are not yet ten years old. We sent to these homes in the past year \$83,022.00, an increase of \$15,573.00 over the previous year.

AGE AND SERVICE.

The 106 ministers have reached the average age of 71 years, and have served Christ and our Church 3,364 years. The 186 deceased ministers whose families are on the rolls served for 4,799 years.

These 8,163 years of service were rendered in the following Synods: Alabama, 669 years; Appalachia, 53; Arkansas, 237; Florida, 257; Georgia, 696; Kentucky, 394; Louisiana, 253; Mississippi, 424; Missouri, 326; North Carolina, 899; Oklahoma, 122; Snedecor Memorial, 1; South Carolina, 777; Tennessee, 633; Texas, 822; Virginia, 1,371; West Virginia, 97; Foreign Mission Fields, 42; Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., 72; Congregational Church, 18.

THE HONORARY RETIRED ROLL.

When a minister reaches the age of 70 years and has spent as much as 30 years in the service of the Presbytery on "The Honorably Retired Roll," no further application for the funds of Ministerial Relief need be made for him as long as he remains with us.

We have now on this roll 48 faithful ministers. Their presence is a benediction. Their prayers are bringing untold blessings to other lives and to the Church.

AVERAGE ASSISTANCE PROVIDED.

The average annuity forwarded to the 48 ministers on the Roll of Honorably Retired Ministers was \$422.33.

The average amount forwarded the 58 other ministers was \$326.74.

The average amount sent each of the 106 ministers was \$370.03.

The average amount to 161 widows was \$251.15.

The average amount to the 25 orphans was \$134.55.

The average amount to the 292 families on the roll was \$284.32 per annum.

PROMOTIONS DURING THE YEAR.

From April 1, 1919, to March 31, 1920, 14 ministers and 6 widows have been called to their eternal reward. The roll is constantly changing.

Scarcely any of the ministers come on the roll until their eyes have grown dim or their natural strength has abated. Your committee would record its joy in being, in a sense, the instrument through whom the Church reveals its gratitude for the faithful service of such unselfish, uncomplaining, consecrated men of God. The Church is grateful to them. This record reminds us that they will not be with us long. What we do for them must be done quickly.

III. THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

There was added to the endowment fund of Ministerial Relief during the year \$51,426.27. We have now in this fund \$623,548.78 safely invested. We also have \$31,546.05 in "life annuity funds," on which annuities are paid to donors during their life.

In January Mr. C. E. Graham made an offer to the committee of \$200,000 on condition that the whole Church add \$400,000 to the endowment fund by December, 1920. A short time before he had purchased from the receiver of the United States Court, the Heard National Bank Building, at Jacksonville, Florida, intending to use it as a foundation for "The Graham Trust Fund," from which his benefactions might be continued into the future.

At that time he offered to turn the building over to the Executive Committee for \$700,000, on which he promised to pay the \$200,000 on the condition mentioned above.

The name was changed to "The Graham Building." It is ideally located in the

business and financial center of the rapidly growing city of Jacksonville. It is a modern, fourteen-story, fireproof, office building of steel, concrete, stone, brick and marble construction. It was built nine years ago at a cost of more than \$900,000, with bank fixtures, and could scarcely be replaced to-day for less than \$1,500,000. After deducting the cost of ground rent, insurance, taxes, repairs and operating expenses the building is yielding more than six per cent. on \$1,000,000.

Many of the foremost business men of our Church have made a careful investigation of this investment and commend it without reservation and urge that the money to secure it be raised at once.

On April 1, 1920, we had secured \$33,923.78 on the \$400,000, pledges for more than \$10,000, besides an offer from another elder to pay the last \$25,000 of the \$400,000.

The endowment fund should be greatly increased. Were we to seek a fund equal to the average amount (per minister) sought by the Congregational, Disciples, Methodist, Episcopal and Presbyterian, U. S. A., churches, our goal should be \$2,356,900.

IV. SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

All of the educational institutions of the Church are in need of larger funds for buildings, equipment and endowments. It is specially urgent that larger salaries be provided for our teachers. For years these faithful, gifted men and women have been greatly underpaid. Many of them might have secured twice as much salary in secular schools and universities, but they have gladly sacrificed material gain for high, spiritual service. The great increase in the cost of living now renders it impossible for them to continue in the work unless their salaries are increased. The fact that there is such a demand for teachers, and that the State and large independent institutions are making adequate provision to meet this need, renders it increasingly hard for our institutions to secure the number and quality of teachers needed.

THE FIELD WORK.

After finishing the work in the Synod of Missouri, which resulted in adding more than \$700,000 to the resources of Westminster College, Secretary M. E. Melvin and his efficient team of consecrated workers went to the Synod of North Carolina. The work there was completed the last of February and resulted in the addition of more than \$1,000,000 to the funds of the schools and colleges of that Synod, including Union Theological Seminary in Richmond, Va.

FUTURE PLANS.

We are arranging to greatly enlarge the work of publicity and literature for our schools and colleges. These institutions must be saved to the Church and to the cause of Christianity, and they must be better equipped, enlarged and endowed.

The field force is now at work in the Synods of South Carolina and Appalachia. Engagements have been made to enter others as soon as these tasks are completed.

The following men have rendered efficient service during the year under the leadership of Secretary Melvin: R. K. Axson, A. Y. Beatie, A. C. Bridgman, H. H. Brownell, O. W. Busehgen, S. R. Crockett, R. M. Good, J. E. Green, C. E. Guice, W. S. Hawkins, W. M. Hunter, Herman Jones, W. B. Lile, A. C. Ormond, W. S. Parks, A. O. Price, F. W. Thompson, Marion E. Wilds.

V. THE STUDENT LOAN FUND.

The total amount of the student loan fund is now \$112,456.82.

The total number of students receiving loans during the year is 84, of whom 51 are boys, and 33 are girls.

Total number of students securing loans since the founding of "The Student Loan Fund" is 265; of these 149 are boys, and 116 are girls.

We are putting forth every effort to complete "The Three Year Program"

adopted by the General Assembly, which will increase this fund to \$250,000.

No other investments hold forth larger promise than these which are in the lives of our boys and girls of approved character and ability who will soon take our places of leadership.

Many churches, Sunday schools, societies and individuals are finding in the student loan fund an opportunity to perpetuate the memory of loved ones and those who have rendered special service to the Church or the nation.

"Memorial scholarships" of \$400 or more are held in "The Student Loan Fund," reported in our annual reports. "Monuments in Living Leaders" will prove more enduring and abounding than those of granite or bronze. We published in the June SURVEY a list of the scholarships. Several others have been received since our books were closed on April 2, 1920.

STUDENTS IN STATE INSTITUTIONS OF LEARNING.

The committee now have in course of publication a clear and comprehensive statement of the opportunity of the Church in ministering to its youth in State colleges, universities and normal schools.

As one out of every six or eight of these students comes from a Presbyterian home, and are being prepared for future leadership, their spiritual nature should greatly concern the Church. As the students are gathered from all parts of the State within which the institutions are located it is clearly a matter that concerns the entire Synod. At every one of the institutions there should be a well equipped church and a suitable pastor who may minister to the students.

THE SALARIES OF OUR MINISTERS.

There are 1,956 ministers in the Church. Of these 1,386 are pastors in the home land.

Of these pastors 776 serve 1 church, 319 serve 2 churches, 176 serve 3 churches,

71 serve 4 churches, 34 serve 5 churches, 6 serve 6 churches, 3 serve 7 churches, 1 serves 9 churches and 1 serves 12 churches. The 1,386 pastors serve 2,474 churches, leaving 973 churches without pastors.

We find the average salary received, including rent of manse, and all funds received from Presbyterial, Synodical and General Assembly Home Mission Committees, is \$1,661 per year.

We find that 346 pastors receive salaries from \$500 to \$1,000; 617 from \$1,000 to \$1,500; 244 from \$1,500 to \$2,000; 95 from \$2,000 to \$2,500; 43 from \$2,500 to \$3,000; 21 from \$3,000 to \$4,000; 15 from \$4,000 to \$5,000 and 5 receive \$5,000 or over.

Complying with the directions of the General Assembly we have made persistent efforts to keep the matter of adequate support of the ministers before the Church. Since these figures were compiled some material increases have been made.

Much yet remains to be done. Our ministers and their families are being forced to unwise economy, and many have been forced to borrow on meagre life insurance policies to the limit and when premium and loan came due have been forced to surrender the policy. A dollar to-day will scarcely buy more than forty cents three years ago. Unless salaries have been increased our ministers have greatly suffered a considerable reduction in salary.

THE NEEDS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The needs of the Executive Committee for its work for a year hence, are: Education for the ministry and mission service (for both men and women), \$100,000; Ministerial Relief, \$100,000; the promotion of the work of schools and colleges of the entire Church, not less than \$40,000; and the Student Loan Fund, \$115,000.

410 Urban Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Missionaries of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

AFRICA-CONGO MISSION AFRICA	[52] *Rev Parahyba, 1917. Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Porter.	Hwaiianfu, 1904. Rev. H. M. Woods. Miss Josephine Woods
Bulape, 1915. Rev. and Mrs. H. M. Washburn Rev. and Mrs. C. T. Wharton. Miss Elda M. Fair.	Canhotinho. *Mrs. G. W. Butler.	Rev. and Mrs. O. F. Yates Miss Lillian C. Wells. Miss Lily Woods. Rev. and Mrs. Jas. N. Montgomery
Luebo, 1891. Rev. and *Mrs. Motté Martin *Dr. and Mrs. L. J. Coppedge	MID CHINA MISSION [75] Hangchow, 1867.	Yencheng, 1909. Rev. and Mrs. H. W. White, Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Hewett Rev. C. H. Smith.
*Miss Maria Fearing (c). Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Vinson Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Wilds. Dr. and Mrs. T. Th. Stixrud Rev. and Mrs. A. C. McKinnon Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Daumery. Rev. and Mrs. W. F. McElroy Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Stegall. Miss Mary E. Kirkland. Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Longenecker Rev. and Mrs. R. F. Cleveland. Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Edmiston (c) Rev. and Mrs. A. Hoyt Miller Miss Emma I. Larsen.	Mrs J. L. Stuart, Sr (Peking). Miss E. B. French. Miss Emma Boardman Rev. and Mrs. Warren H. Stuart. Miss Annie R. V. Wilson. *Rev. and Mrs. R. J. McMullen. *Mr and Mrs J. M. Wilson. Miss Rebecca E. Wilson. Rev G. W. Painter, Pulaski, Va Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Blain. Miss Nettie McMullen. Miss Sophie P. Graham. Miss Frances Stribling. Mr and Mrs. Andrew Allison	Sutsien, 1893. Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Bradley *Rev. B. C. Patterson. *Mrs. B. C. Patterson, M. D. Rev. and Mrs. W. C. McLaughlin Rev. and Mrs. W. F. Junkin. Mr. H. W. McCutchan. Miss Mada I. McCutchan. Miss M. M. Johnston. Miss B. McRobert.
Mutoto, 1912. Rev. A. A. Rochester (c). *Rev. and Mrs. Plumer Smith. Dr. and Mrs. Robt. R. King. Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Crane. *Mrs. S. N. Edhegard †Rev. S. N. Edhegard *Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Allen. Miss Ruby Rogers.	Shanghai. Rev. and Mrs. S. I. Woodbridge. Rev and Mrs. C. N. Caldwell Miss Mildred Watkins	Tsing-kiang-pu, 1897 Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Graham. Dr. and Mrs. James B. Woods. Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Talbot. Miss Jessie D. Hall. Miss Sallie M. Lacy. Dr. and Mrs. L. Nelson Bell. Rev. and Mrs. H. Kerr Taylor. Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Wayland Miss Mary Bissett. [7]
Lusambo, 1913. *Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Bedinger *Mr. B. M. Schlotter	Kashin2, 1895. Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Venable (Kuling). Miss Elizabeth Talbot. Rev. and Mrs. Lowry Davis. *Miss Irene Hawkins. Miss Elizabeth Corriher. Miss Sade A. Nesbit. Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Crawford. Rev. and Mrs. J. Y. McGinnis. Miss R. Elinore Lynch. Rev. and Mrs. R. Clyde Douglas.	Tonghai, 1908. *Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Vinson. *L. S. Morgan, M. D. *Mrs. L. S. Morgan, M. D. Rev. and Mrs. Thos. B. Grafton. Mrs. A. D. Rice.
Bibangu 1918 Rev. and Mrs. Geo T. McKee. *Dr. and Mrs. F. R. Kellersberger *Mr. W. L. Hillhouse	Kiangyin, 1895. Rev. and Mrs. L. I. Moffett. Rev. and Mrs. Lacy L. Little. Dr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Worth. *Miss Rida Jourlman. Mrs. Anna McG. Sykes. Miss Carrie L. Moffett Miss Venie J. Lee, M. D.	CUBA MISSION [6] Cardenas, 1899. Miss M. E. Craig. Rev. and Mrs. R. L. Wharron. Miss Margaret M. Davis. Rev. S. B. M. Ghiscar. (Associate Worker).
E. BRAZIL MISSION, [14] Lavras, 1893. Rev. and Mrs. S. R. Gammon. Miss Charlotte Kemper Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Knight Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Hunnicut Miss Genevieve Marchant. Miss Ora M. Glenn. Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Sydenstricker	Nanking. Rev. and Mrs. J. L. Stuart (Peking). Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hutcheson. Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Shields (Tsain-fu).	Calbarien 1891. Miss Mary I. Alexander. †Miss Janie Evans Patterson. †Rev. H. B. Somellian.
Piumby, 1896. *Mrs. Kate B. Cowan.	Soochow, 1872. Miss Addie M. Sloan. Miss Gertrude Sloan. Mrs. M. P. McCormick. Rev. and Mrs. P. C. Duffoss *Mrs. R. A. Haden Miss Irene McCain Dr. and Mrs. M. P. Young Rev. and Mrs. Henry L. Reeves Rev. and Mrs. H. Maxcy Smith. Miss Mabel C. Currie	Piacetas, 1909 None. Camajuani, 1910. Miss Edith McC Houston. †Rev. and Mrs. Ezequiel D. Torres
Bom Successo. Miss Ruth See. Mrs. D. G. Armstrong	N. KIANGSU MISSION [78] Chnkiang, 1883 Rev. and Mrs. A. Sydenstricker. Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Paxton. Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw. *Mr and Mrs. S. C. Farrior. Rev. and Mrs. M. A. Hopkins	Sagua, 1914. JAPAN MISSION [10] Kobe, 1890. Rev. and Mrs. S. P. Fulton Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Myers Rev. and *Mrs. W. McS. Buchanan, D. D.
W. BRAZIL MISSION. [10] Ytu, 1909. Rev. and Mrs. Gaston Boyle	Talchow, 1908. *Rev. and Mrs. T. L. Harnsberger Dr. and Mrs. Robt. B. Price. Rev. Chas. Ghieslin, Jr Rev. and Mrs. C. F. Hancock.	Kochi, 1885. Rev. and Mrs. W. B. McIlwaine. Miss Annie H. Dowd. Rev. and Mrs. W. A. McIlwaine
Braganca, 1907. *Rev. Mariou S. Huske.	Hsuehoufu, 1897. Mrs. Mark B. Grier, M. D. Dr. and Mrs. A. A. McFayden. Rev. Geo. P. Stevens (Tenghsien). Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Brown. *Rev. and Mrs. O. V. Armstrong. Rev. and Mrs. Lewis H. Lancaster. Miss Isabel Grier. Miss Lois Young.	Nagoya, 1867. Miss Leila G. Kirtland. *Rev. and Mrs. R. E. McAlpine. *Rev. and Mrs. L. C. McC. Smythe. Miss Sarah G. Hansell Miss Bessie M. Blakeney
Campina, 1869. Mrs. J. R. Smith. Rev. and Mrs. Jas. P. Smith.	Pernambuco, 1873. Miss Margaret Douglas. Miss Edmonia R. Martin. Miss Leora James (Natal). *Miss R. Caroline Kilgore. Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Taylor, Jr Rev. H. S. Allyn, M. D. Mrs. H. S. Allyn Rev. and Mrs. F. F. Baker	Gifu, 1917. *Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Buchanan. *Miss Elizabeth O. Buchanan.
Itapetininga, 1912. Descalvado, 1908. Rev. and Mrs. Alva Hardie.	Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso, 1917 *Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin.	Susaki, 1898. *Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Moore. Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Brady
N. BRAZIL MISSION. [18] Garanhuns, 1895. *Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Henderlite. Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Thompson. Miss Eliza M. Reed.	Sao Sebastiao do Paraíso, 1917 *Rev. and Mrs. R. D. Daffin.	Takamatsu, 1898. Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Eickson. Miss M. J. Atkinson. Rev. and Mrs. H. H. Munroe

Marugame, 1920.
Rev. and Mrs. J. Woodrow Hassell.
Rev. and Mrs. I. S. McElroy, Jr.
Tokushima, 1889.
*Rev. and Mrs. C. A. Logan.
*Miss Lillian W. Curd.
*Rev. and Mrs. H. C. Ostrom.
Rev. and Mrs. A. P. Hassell.
Miss Estelle Lumpkin.

Toyoaski, 1902.
Rev. and Mrs. C. K. Cummings.

Okazaki, 1912.
*Miss Florence Patton.
*Miss Annie V. Patton.
Rev. and Mrs. C. Darby Fulton.

CHOSEN MISSION.

Chunju, 1896.

Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tate.
Miss Mattie S. Tate.
Rev. and Mrs. L. O. McCutchen.
Rev. and Mrs. W. M. Clark.
Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Reynolds.
Miss Susanna A. Colton.
Rev. S. D. Winn.
Miss Emily Winn.
Miss E. E. Kestler.
Miss Lillian Austin.
*Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Eversole.
Miss Sadie Buckland.
Miss Janet Crane.
Mr. J. Bolling Reynolds.

Kunsan, 1896.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. F. Bull.

Miss Julia Dysart.
Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Patterson.
*Rev. John McEachern.
*Mr. Wm. A. Linton.
Miss Lavalette Dupuy.
Rev. and Mrs. W. B. Harrison.
Miss Lillie O. Lathrop.
Miss Willie B. Greenc.

Kwangju, 1898.

*Rev. Eugene Bell.
*Rev. S. K. Dodson.
*Miss Mary Dodson.
*Mrs. C. C. Owen.
Miss Ella Graham.
Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson.
Miss Anna McQueen.
Rev. and Mrs. J. V. N. Talmage.
Rev. and Mrs. Robert Knox.
Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Swinebart.
Miss Elizabeth Walker.
Miss Elise J. Shepping (Itinerating).
Rev. and Mrs. Joseph Hopper.
Rev. and Mrs. L. T. Newland.

Mokpo, 1898.

Rev. and Mrs. H. D. McCallie.
Miss Julia Martin.
Rev. J. S. Nisbet.
Miss Ada McMurphy.
*Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Leadingham.
*Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Parker (Pyeng-Yang).
*Mrs. P. S. Crane.
Rev. D. Jas. Cumming.
Miss Estber B. Matthews.

Soonchun, 1913.

*Rev. and Mrs. J. F. Preston.
Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Coit.
Miss Meta L. Biggar.
Miss Anna L. Greer.
Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Crane.
Dr. and Mrs. J. McL. Rogers.

MEXICO MISSION

[11]

Zitacuaro, 1919.

Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Ross.
Morelia, 1919.
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. O. Shelby.
Toluca, 1919.
Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Ross.
San Angel.
Miss Alice J. McClelland.
Laredo, Texas.
Miss E. V. Lee.
Austin, Texas.
Miss Anne E. Dysart.
Coyoacan.

Prof. and Mrs. R. C. Morrow.
Missions, 10.
Occupied Stations, 53.
Missionaries, 377.
Associate Workers, 11.
*On furlough, or in United States
Dates opposite names of stations indicate year stations were opened.
†Associate workers.
For postoffice address, etc., see page below.

POSTAL RATES.

Letters addressed to Africa, Brazil, China (with one exception, as given berewith), Japan and Chosen require 5 cents for the first ounce, or fraction of an ounce, and 3 cents for each additional ounce, or fraction of an ounce. (Shanghai, China, only requires 2 cents for the first ounce or fraction of an ounce.)

Letters addressed to England, Cuba or Mexico are subject to the same postage rates and conditions which would apply to them if they were addressed for delivery in the United States.

Postal cards, 2 cents each for single and 4 cents each for double cards.

Commercial papers, 5 cents each for the first 10 ounces or less, and 1 cent for each additional 2 ounces or fraction of 2 ounces.

Registration fee, in addition to postage, 10 cents.

For mailing Parcel Post packages consult local postmaster.

STATIONS, POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

AFRICA—For Bulape, Luebo, Mutoto.—Luebo, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kimshasa. For Lusambo—Lusambo, Sankuru District, Congo Belge, Africa, via Antwerp, care A. P. C. Mission, par Kinsbasa. For Bibangu—Bibangu, Kabinda, District du Lomami, Congo Belge, Africa, care A. P. C. Mission.

E. BRAZIL—For Lavras—"Lavras, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil." Bom Sucesso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil. For Plumby—"Plumby, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

W. BRAZIL—For Campinas—"Campinas, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Descalvado—"Descalvado Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Braganca—"Braganca, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Paulo—"Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Itu—"Itu, Estado de Sao Paulo, Brazil." For Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso—"Sao Sebastiao de Paraiso, Estado de Minas Geraes, Brazil."

N. BRAZIL—For Canhotinho—"Canhotinho, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Garanhuns—"Garanhuns, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Natal—"Rio Grande de Norte, Brazil." For Pernambuco—"Recife, E. de Pernambuco, Brazil." For Parabyba—"Parabyba do Norte, E. da Parabyba."

CHINA—Mid-China Mission—For Tungbiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tunghiang, via Shanghai, China." For Hangebow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hangebow, China." For Sbanghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Sbanghai, China." For Kashing—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Kashing, via Shanghai, China." For Kiangyin—"Kiangyin, via Sbanghai, China." For Nanking—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Nanking, China." For Soocbow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Soocbow, China." North Kiangsu Mission—For Cbinkiang—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Cbinkiang, China." For Taichow—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Taichow, via Chinkiang, China." For Hauchoufu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hauchou-fu, Ru, China." For Hwaianfou—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Hwaianfou—via Cbinkiang, China." For Sutsien—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Sutsien, via Chinkiang, China." For Tsing-Kiang-Pu—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tsing-Kiang-Pu, via Cbinkiang, China." For Tonghai—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Tonghai, via Chinkiang, China." For Yencbeng—"Care Southern Presbyterian Mission, Yencbeng, Kiangsu, China."

CUBA—For Cardenas—"Cardenas, Cuba." For Caibarien—"Caibarien, Cuba." For Camajuani—"Camajuani, Cuba." For Placetas—"Placetas, Cuba." For Sagua—"la Grande, Cuba."

JAPAN—For Kobe—"Kobe, Japan." For Kochi—"Kocbi, Tosa Province, Japan." For Nagoya—"Nagoya, Owari Province, Japan." For Susaki—"Susaki, Tosa Province, Japan." For Takamatsu—"Takamatsu, Sanuki Province, Japan." For Tokushima—"Tokushima, Awa Province, Japan." For Toyohashi—"Toyohashi, Mikawa Province, Japan." Okazaki—"Okazaki, Mikawa Province, Japan." For Gifu—"Gifu, Gifu Province, Japan." For Marugame—"Marugame, Sanuki Province, Japan."

CHOSEN—For Chunju—"Chunju, Cbosen, Asia." For Kunsan—"Kunsan, Cbosen, Asia." For Kwangju—"Kwangju, Chosen, Asia." For Mokpo—"Mokpo, Chosen, Asia." For Seoul—"Seoul, Chosen, Asia." For Soonchun—"Soonchun, Chosen, Asia."

MEXICO MISSION—For Zitacuaro—"Zitacuaro, Michoacan, Mexico." For Morelia—"Morelia, Michoacan, Mexico." For Toluca—"Toluca, Mexico, Mexico." For Coyoacan—"Coyoacan, D. F. Mexico." For San Angel—"San Angel, D. F. Mexico."

